

Week ending Nov. 7 1959

JOHN BULL

Everybody's
Weekly

EVERY WEDNESDAY 5d

Dramatic new thriller begins today!

THE GOLDEN DEED

by Andrew Garve

The REAL
Monty

How PRINCE PHILIP
shakes them all up



WHY EVERY NEW CAR SHOULD HAVE BP ENERGOL 'VISCO-STATIC'

the oil that solves the problem of start-up wear

A NEW CAR today is an important investment for anyone. But fortunately any owner can now do more to protect this investment than ever before. Today's most advanced oil - BP 'Visco-static' is actually proved on tests to give 80% less piston-ring wear compared with ordinary oils. This means a big saving for any motorist. But most of all for the owner of a new car. This is why more and more new car owners today are using BP 'Visco-static'. Before the war engines often had to be rebored at 20/30,000 miles, especially if the car was used for a lot of short journeys. But today, with BP 'Visco-static', many popular cars are covering as much as 100,000 miles without even having the cylinder head taken off.

Modern oil for modern engines

You get the maximum value from BP 'Visco-static' if you use it in a new engine. This oil keeps your engine in good condition for many thousands of miles longer.

The advanced performance of BP 'Visco-static' makes it particularly suitable for modern engines. It is more than just a better oil. It is a different kind of oil. Even in the coldest weather BP 'Visco-static' flows freely and so allows rapid circulation. Yet this same oil has ample body when hot. In other words this one oil gives the finest lubrication under all conditions.

Proved on the radio-active wear detector

BP 'Visco-static' has been tested with the most sensitive and accurate method of measuring engine wear - on the radio-active wear detector. Tests in the laboratory and on a family car on the road show the amazing result of 80% less piston-ring wear with BP 'Visco-static' compared with ordinary oils. And this oil is suitable for use in winter and summer and saves petrol too.

When engines wear fastest

Engineers have known for many years that wear occurs fastest of all immediately after a cold start. The reason is that combustion products condense on the cylinder walls and attack the surfaces. When the engine starts from cold on an ordinary oil there will be delay before it lubricates the surfaces properly.

But BP 'Visco-static' prevents this heavy wear in two ways. It maintains a protective layer on the cylinder walls to prevent corrosion and it circulates immediately on starting even in freezing cold to give complete lubrication.

All models winter and summer

BP 'Visco-static' is a really universal oil for every season and for the engine of every make of car for which oil grades SAE 10W, 20W, 20, 30 or 40 are normally recommended.

Cars that are not so new

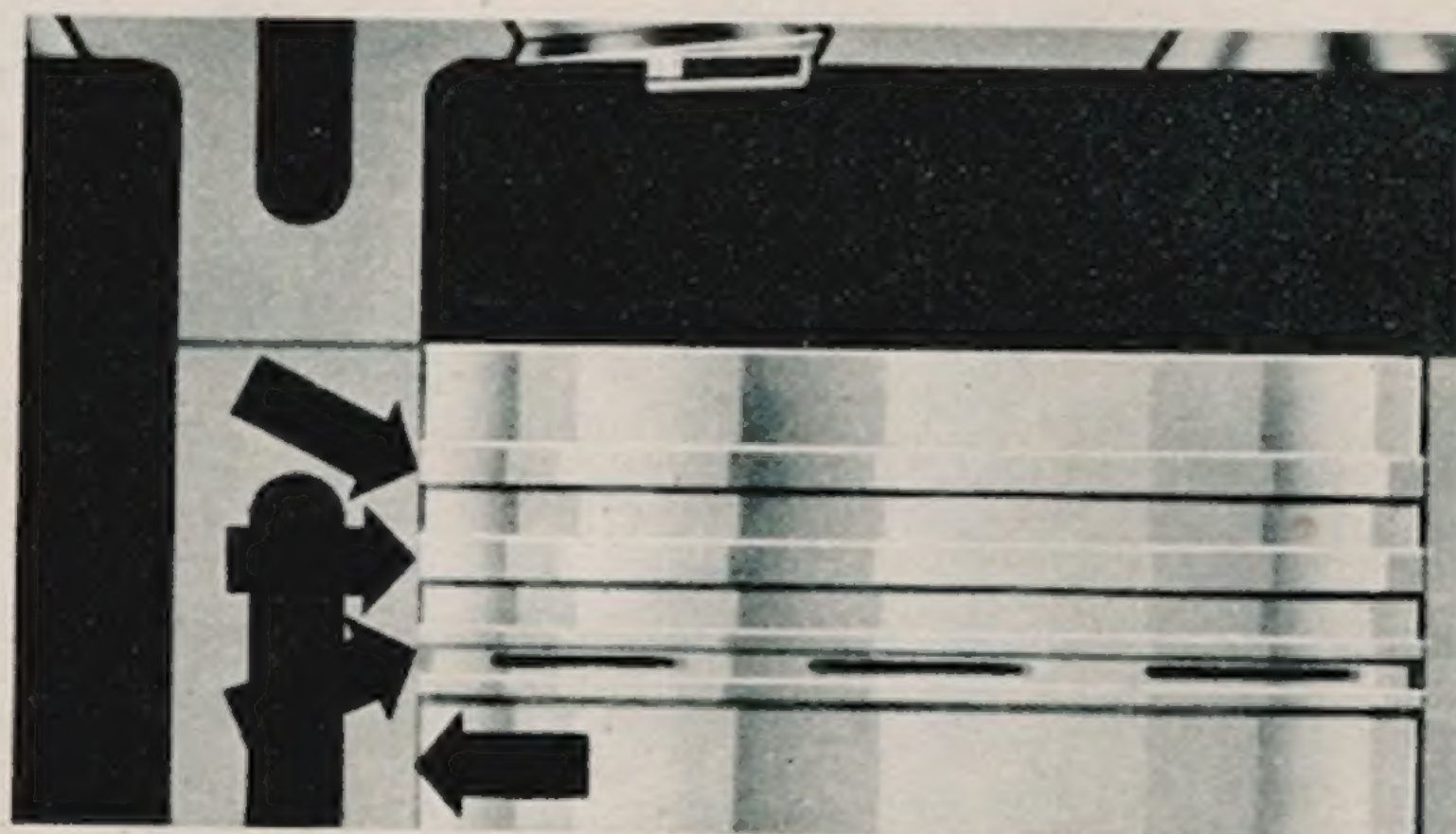
Even if your car isn't new you can still benefit from BP 'Visco-static' provided the engine is not badly worn. But for optimum performance you must make a complete change. Ask your garage to drain completely and fill up with BP 'Visco-static'.

See why BP 'Visco-static' makes such a big difference

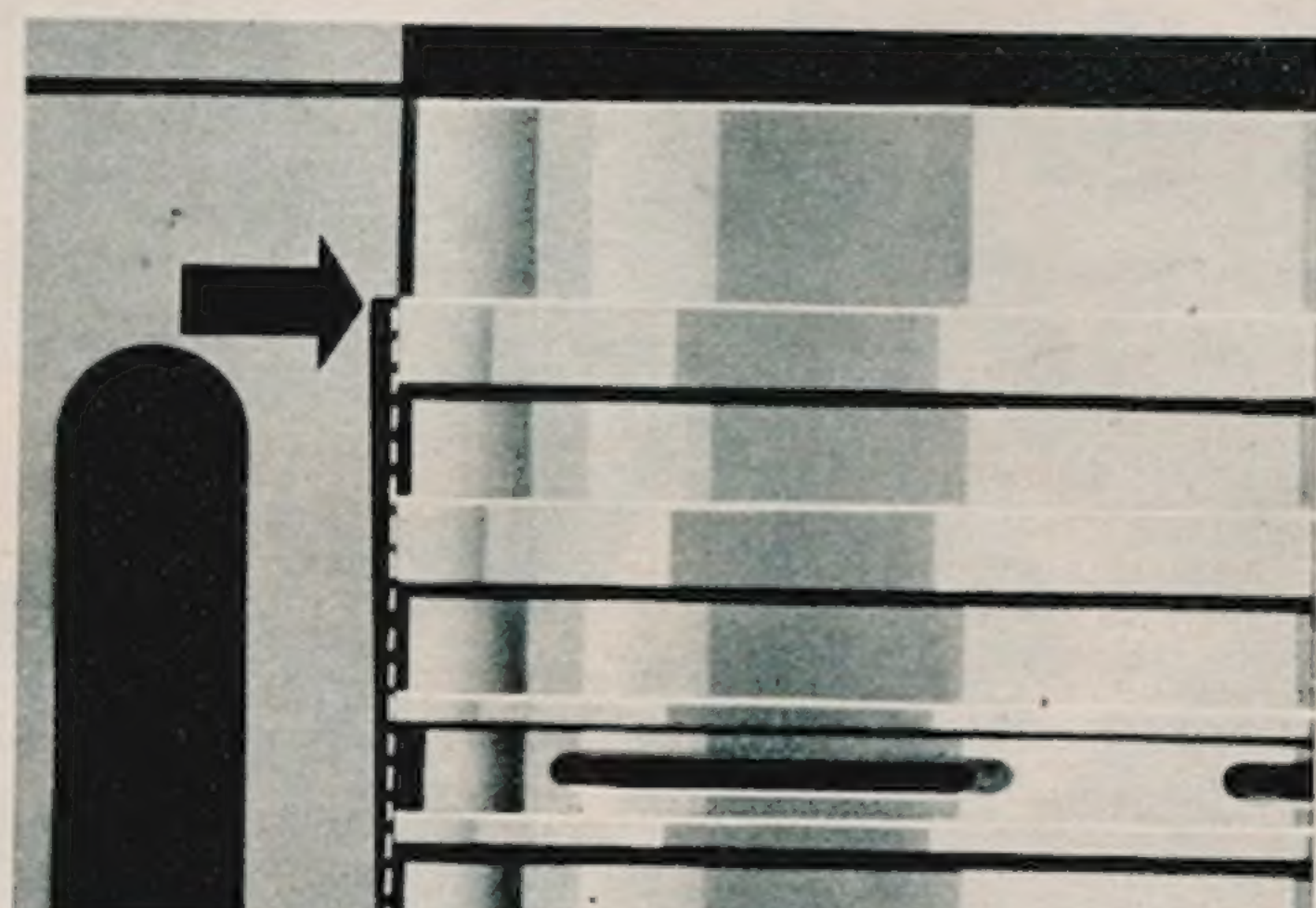


Every time you shut off your engine, for instance, when you put your car away for the night, the cylinders of the engine are full of steam and acid vapour. (Every gallon of petrol you use produces a little more than a gallon of water.)

As the engine cools during the night this steam condenses, dissolving the acid vapour and producing a corrosive solution which attacks vital surfaces on the cylinder walls and piston rings. Ordinary oils are often not resistant enough to prevent this but BP 'Visco-static' gives extra protection.



When you start the car again any corrosion that has taken place leads to heavy wear in the first few minutes running. This is because the corrosion products on the cylinder walls are abrasive.



The few minutes after start-up account for most engine wear and this leads to the stepped effect near to the top of the cylinder as shown in the diagram above. Ordinary oils do not circulate quickly enough to prevent this start-up wear. BP 'Visco-static' not only prevents the corrosion, it also reduces wear by giving immediate oil circulation even in freezing cold.



* 'VISCO-STATIC' IS A TRADE-MARK OF THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY LIMITED

JOHN BULL EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY

189 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1
CHANCERY 3344 NOV. 7, 1959
VOLUME 106 NUMBER 2777

Contents

ARTICLES

- HERE'S A CHANCE TO UN-
BLOCK OUR TOWNS
by Keith Ellis .. 9
- GILBERT HARDING .. 10
- PRINCE PHILIP PEPS THINGS UP
by Rene Lecler .. 11
- MIRACLE IN YOUR EYE
by Alan Lloyd .. 14
- I LEARNED TO FLY FOR FUN
by Betty Roberts .. 27

STORIES

- THROUGH THE HOOP
by Patrick Ryan .. 13
- HOME IS WHERE WE'RE GOING
by Louis L'Amour .. 20

SERIALS

- THE GOLDEN DEED (Part 1)
by Andrew Garve .. 6
- THE REAL MONTGOMERY (Part 2)
by Leslie Brewer .. 17

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME

- by Roger Smithells
- THERE ARE BARGAINS IN JUNK 23
- WORTH NOTING .. 38

FEATURES

SAM LOVES MIN: 8. IN SHORT: 12.
THE WITNESS STATES: 14. STARKE'S
GUIDE TO WINTER WARMTH: 22.
JOKES: 26, 28, 29, 33, 34. GETTING
UP: 26, 28, 32, 35. DACHSIE: 30.
EVERYBODY'S PUZZLING: 30. POET
IN THE GARDEN: 37. WE ADVISE: 38.

© Odhams Press Ltd. 1959

The Cover



HERE'S a fascinating sidelight on the parking problem: getting out of your precious space once you've found it. And this misguided motorist's got to do it without denting anybody's pride. He faces the biggest challenge since he took off his L-plates—manoeuvring out of a confined space with his fingers crossed. There's probably a municipal car-park up the road. "But who," says Batchelor, "wants to use that when there are thrills like this to brighten your Saturday?"

Free Speech

JOHN BULL: EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post and in our feature "We Advise."

Gay Young Bangers

EVERY year at this time the bangers bang and the fireworks flash in our neighbourhood. And every year, with monotonous regularity, my neighbours start agitating against what they call the nuisance of Guy Fawkes' night.

This reaction against a perfectly valid traditional festival is symptomatic of the rot that has set in here in Britain. We are becoming a timid nation of squeaking mice.

Whenever I see children bombarding our deserted suburban streets with a barrage of Catherine wheels and thunderclaps I feel that there's hope for the old country yet. These children are almost alone in leading the rumbustious, red-blooded life that made Britain what it is. I hope the killjoys aren't allowed to stamp this down—as they have done so many other things.—RICHARD BRIGGS, Bromley, Kent.

A Stirring Tale

I was interested in the letter about folding arms ("Free Speech," October 17). I have always stirred my tea anti-clockwise, and the first person I ever met who did likewise was my wife. Our three children all stir clockwise. We are all right-handed.—E. D., Port Talbot, Glam.

Hard Lines

It may have been amusing for the hospital patients to write the paper boy's lines ("Free Speech," October 17), but will teachers never learn that the giving of lines is a despicable form of correction which is completely futile and soul-destroying?

I know teachers who impose lines from the Bible on erring pupils who, because of this, will always detest beautiful passages from the Bible.

Punishment should be directed towards progress. A few sums, some translation or an essay—all would be better than writing one sentence over and over again.—M. M., Bearsden, Glasgow.

Cheeky Devil

I watched a woman delivering free samples of a well-known brand of washing-powder recently. Whenever the occupier of the house was out, she left the sample standing on the doorstep.

Half an hour later an old-clothes man came round knocking at all these doors. Where there was no reply he helped himself to the free sample.—MRS. M. MANNING, Ilford, Essex.

Fat Chance Of Health

If Dr. Patrick Richardson is taken seriously (JOHN BULL, September 26) your readers may reduce their life-spans, unless they happen to be Eskimos.

On the question of eating fat, may I point out that Eskimos eat their meat direct from the source, without any adulteration?

Such a diet is ideally suited to their physiological make-up and way of life, both determined by an extremely cold climate.

Yet natives of the tropics remain perfectly healthy on fruit and nuts.

It would, however, be illogical to assume that tropical people could

live on a meat diet, or that Eskimos could live on fruit.

We live in a temperate climate and our diet should be mainly of fresh vegetables, with milk, eggs and cheese in moderation, with brown bread and butter.

If any of your readers are foolish enough to adopt this fat diet, they



will inevitably succumb to one of the many degenerative diseases in later life.—ANDREW M. HAMILTON, Viewfield Crescent, Aberdeen.

"I agree that adulterated and processed foods are a contributory factor in causing degenerative diseases," says Dr. Patrick Richardson.

"In fact, the high-fat diet I described contains less processed food than an ordinary mixed diet. These high-fat diets have been widely tried in England and America since the war, and there is no evidence that they have increased the incidence of degenerative diseases. Rather the reverse."

The Woman's Touch

It may be correct to say that girls are generally better suited for such careers as nursing and catering ("Free Speech," October 3), but that does not alter the fact that many can become first-class electrical engineers.

I work for an electrical research organization in which there are nearly as many girl apprentices as boys, and we find that they are equally capable, though in different ways.

The task involved can range from constructing 300,000-volt supergrid systems to making domestic flat irons.

In all these things the industry relies on the skill and ingenuity of its engineers who must be able, between them, to approach its countless, varied problems in as many different ways as possible.—R. J. THOMAS, Great Bookham, Leatherhead, Surrey.

Choir Of Courage

It was not a Welsh voice which started the singing during the Lancastria's sinking (JOHN BULL, October 3). It was mine.

I was a corporal in the Sherwood Foresters and after getting into a lifeboat I turned round to look at the sinking hull.

There was no way of helping the men left on board and the thought came to me to start them singing. Then the German aircraft came down again and some of the lads died singing.—P. A. DINCH, Chilwell, Notts.

Sartorial Sites

As a confirmed lunch-hour watcher of building erection I have come to realize that the most important thing on a construction site is to wear the correct headgear.

Carpenters and similar craftsmen

are allowed the cap—worn in the old-fashioned manner of fully exposed peaks.

Those engaged on concrete-mixing and other heavy work wear the beret—although woollen hats with gay pompoms are gradually creeping in.

The crane driver is allowed a trilby, but it must be old and battered—better models are reserved for foremen.

Bowlers are out. The boss is inevitably hatless and the architect wears the homburg—no doubt to guard against the occasional dropped brick.—F. J. NASH, Hayes Chase, West Wickham, Kent.

Conker By Science

Putting conkers in vinegar or in the oven (The Cover, October 10) is out of date. The modern scientific way is to soak them in water, then put them in the refrigerator.

Let them thaw out, then squeeze hot glue into them under pressure. Leave your conkers in a cool place. That is important, for the glue must set properly.

When it has done so, your conkers are ready to use. Good luck!—D. N. LUCY, Greensward Lane, Arborfield, Berks.

Explains schoolboy conkers expert Lucy: "The water which has soaked into the conkers freezes and swells in the fridge, leaving more space for the glue when the ice thaws out."

Hold-up Hint

As the manager of a filling station I offer a word of advice to motorists who are unfortunate enough to run out of petrol.

If you can get a lift to the nearest filling station to collect your petrol, do so.

Don't ask someone else to tell the



filling station to send petrol out to you. You will probably be unlucky if you do, for many stations will not send out petrol.

They have found so often that by the time they get to the spot the car that was out of petrol has got some from another source and driven off.—M. G. PRICE, Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos.

That Narrow Slot

The post office frequently appeals to the public to ensure that letter-boxes are wide enough, and placed in a position convenient for the postman.

I sympathize with the postmen—but why appeal to the public? They don't construct doors.

Examining some doors in a shop, I was appalled by the smallness of the letterboxes. When I pointed this out to the assistant he said: "But they're much smarter, aren't they?"

It's the manufacturers who are to blame, not the public.—L. HOLT, Prestwich, Manchester.

"The British Standards Institution

"Your good health!"



Make friends with

MARTELL

The product of tradition, patience and
the experience of over two centuries.

The superb drink of unvarying quality
... Perfect for entertaining.

COGNAC BRANDY

AT ITS BEST

THREE STAR

CORDON BLEU

Free Speech

continued from page 3

has produced a new letterbox specification," says a building expert. "It says that the opening should be not less than 8 in. wide by 1½ in.

"It should have no rough edges and should be placed between 2 ft. 6 in. and 4 ft. 9 in. from the ground. Most manufacturers are following this specification nowadays."

Tuck To Date

Having seen my sons eat their "space rations" and other confectionery wonders of the age, I was surprised when they came home one day eating sticks of what they called "Spanish wood."

It took me back again to school-days in London, eating pennyworths of tiger nuts, Jew's nuts, locust beans and Spanish wood.

Perhaps you can reveal to me the truth about these mysteries from the cockney tuck shops—what were they really?—MRS. DORIS E. WHITE, New Bradwell, Wolverton, Bucks.

A London sweet manufacturer says: "Tiger nuts were dried tubers of sedge, brought from Spain. Spanish wood (which came largely from Italy) was dried liquorice root. Locust beans come from Cyprus. They are dried beans, and are still on sale. Jew's nuts were melon seeds."

Cold War Tactics

Colds don't bother me when the sun shines. I know I can cure them in a few days by sitting with my back to the sun for half an hour each day. Recently my son got a bad cold. Knowing how grown-ups have scoffed at my cure, I didn't mention it to him.

To my surprise his cold cleared up in three days. And this was what my son said: "I've got a new seat

in the school lunch room and it's so hot, the sun shines through the window on my back."—MRS. JOYCE KIRKWOOD, Greenfield Gardens, London, N.W.2.

"Heat, of course, is very good for a cold," says a doctor, "but there is such a wide divergence in individual reactions to this ailment that I would hardly recommend people with colds to spend much time sitting with their backs to the sun."

Bird On Guard

A large magpie sits on the telephone wires near my house and waits for cyclists coming along the road.

On sighting the unfortunate cyclist, the magpie carries out a series of swooping attacks, always turning away a foot or so from the victim's head.

It then returns to the wire and waits for the next victim. What makes him do this?—CPL. A. BASS, Canberra, Australia.

"It's unlikely the magpie was being aggressive," says an ornithologist. "More properly it was reared in captivity and is trying to make friends with passers-by."

Going Sloppy, Sir?

When I was a boy, men took a great pride in their personal appearances, but nowadays many men go to business looking as though they had just come off their allotments.

And with the deterioration in dress comes a worsening of manners.

The reason? I don't think it's the cost of clothes, but the modern tendency to assume that Jack is as good as his master.

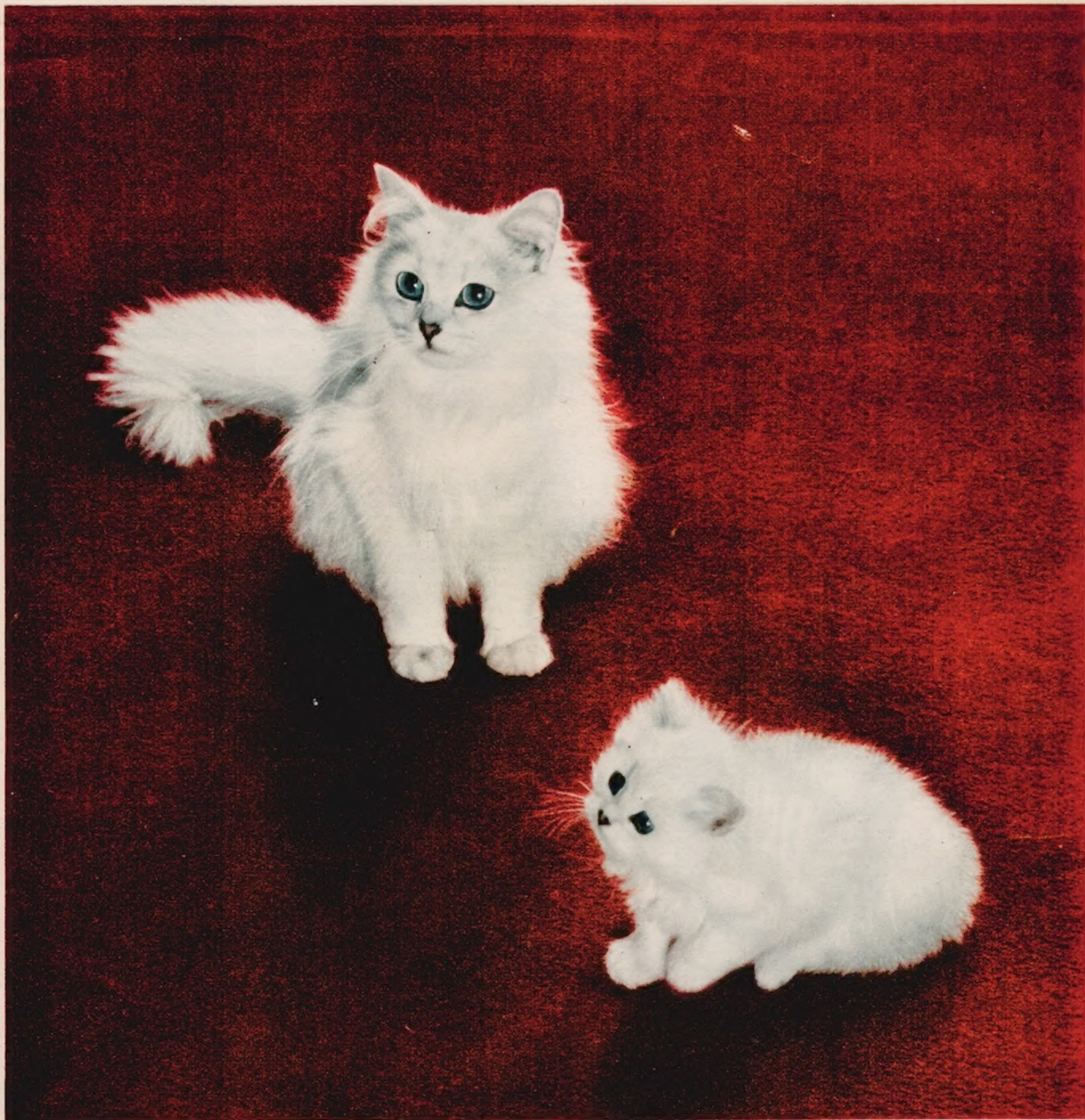
Yet just imagine if women decided to give up looking their best. What an outcry there would be—from men!—HARRY SUTTERS, Formby Avenue, Stanmore, Middlesex.

The first authentic account of **THE LIFE OF THE DUCHESS OF KENT**

From private letters, papers and
books J. Wentworth Day has
compiled a fascinating biography...
a life story known previously only
to the Duchess's closest friends.

Don't miss the first brilliant
instalment—The happy Princess who lived with tragedy

NEXT WEEK



Everybody loves a Kosset carpet!

Kosset colours are like spring come alive. They run from Crimson right through the rainbow to Canton Gold, Madonna Blue and deep Blueberry; from the palest green mixtures to vivid Redwing tweed.

But it's far more than colour that makes Kosset the best-loved carpets in Britain. It's their soft, rich textures, which no moth can ever harm: their thick comforting

warmth: the long, long wear they give: the easy way they clean.

Whether you live in a bed-sitter or a big house, there's a type of Kosset carpet to please both your taste and your pocket. Prices are from 34/- a square yard and all types come in ten obliging widths from 27" to 15' for seamless carpets.

Why don't you go and see Kosset and

satisfy your longing for a bright, beautiful new carpet? And don't miss Kosset Shaggy Dog-rugs, in twelve luscious colours. They make islands of lively cosiness anywhere for 90/- (and wonderful wedding presents too!)

If you would like to know more about Kosset Carpets, please write for colour booklets to Kosset Carpets at 6-10 Bruton Street London W1.

BEGINNING

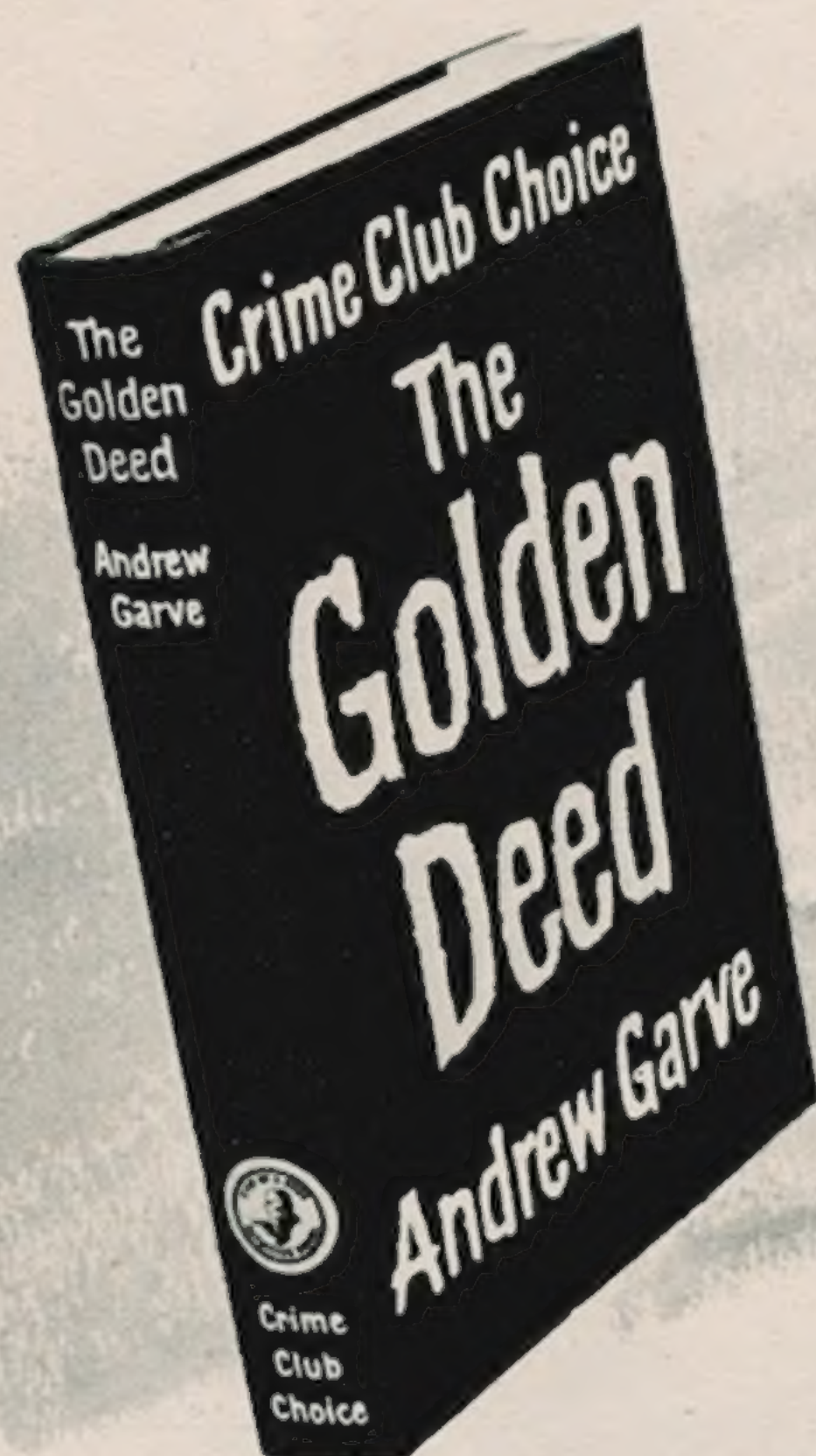
a startling new thriller

*They owed their lives to this man
the debt. They didn't know how*

THE GOLDEN

by **ANDREW GARVE**

ILLUSTRATED BY BJARNSON



It might have been any small family party that was making for the Somerset coast that August afternoon. Sally Mellanby was driving the car, a new Rover. She was slim and attractive, with large brown eyes.

Beside her in the car sat six-year-old Alison. In the back were eight-year-old Tony—a solid, freckled boy, who sat clutching a partially inflated air bed that he intended to use as a raft—and Kira, the blonde Norwegian girl who had come to Sally as nurse-help for the summer holidays.

The moment Sally stopped the car, Alison was off with her bucket and spade, racing along to "their place"—a sheltered hollow above the beach. Tony blew more air into his air bed before following her. It was a very old air bed and leaked from the nozzle, but it made a jolly good raft all the same, according to him. Sally and Kira unloaded rugs, towels and tea basket from the boot and toiled after the children.

At the top of the bank they almost

collided with Alison, who was racing back full of indignation. "Mummy," she gasped, "there's a man in our place—a man."

Sally looked along the sandbank. Above the hollow a pair of swimming trunks had been spread out to dry and an expanse of brown male chest was just visible through the marram grass. "Well, never mind," she said equably, "there are plenty of other places." She led the way to another little nook. Kira spread the rug and they all changed into their swim suits. Sally said she intended to sunbathe before going into the water, so Kira took the children down to the sea.

Sally stretched out full length on the rug and lay dozing in the sun. Ten minutes later she sat up suddenly as a howl came from the water's edge. Alison was in trouble. Kira was bending down, examining the little girl's foot. Presently she picked her up and started to carry her in up the beach. Sally went to meet them.

"A small piece of glass, I think," Kira said, in her careful English.

Sally inspected Alison's toe. "It's

all right," she said, "it's only a little cut." She fetched the antiseptic from the beach bag and a clean handkerchief, and made a bandage.

It was only after several minutes that she noticed Tony. Taking advantage of the diversion, he had paddled his raft into deep water and was yards from the shore. Sally jumped up and began to run down the beach. "Come back, Tony," she called, "you're much too far out. That's very naughty!" Tony grinned and started to paddle the unwieldy craft back. It turned in a circle, but came no nearer.

In real alarm now, Sally splashed in and began to swim after it. She wasn't much of a swimmer, but she was better than Kira. Tony was sitting up on the raft looking a bit frightened.

Anxiety took her breath away. She could hear someone calling out on the beach—Kira. She swam on, with desperate, ineffective strokes. The little waves slapped in her face. Suddenly she gulped a mouthful of water and spluttered and went under. She came up gasping and panic stricken, thrashing her arms wildly to try to keep her head out. She'd got to reach the raft—but it was still yards ahead. Another wave slopped over her and she breathed water and choked helplessly. Fear gripped her. She was going under again. She was going to drown. . . .

At that moment a strong hand seized her, holding her up while she got her breath back. A man's voice, reassuringly calm, said: "Don't struggle."

"Tony!" she gasped.

"He's all right," the man said, "I'll come back for him in a minute."

She felt his hands close on the sides of her face, felt herself being dragged backwards through the water as he kicked out. It seemed a terribly long way back. The man was gasping when he finally drew her into the shallows. She turned and gazed fearfully out to sea. The raft was still there, but it was visibly sagging. "It'll sink," she cried in an agonized voice. "It is sinking."

"I'll get him," the man said again. "Don't worry." He was struggling out of the clinging flannel trousers he hadn't had time to take off. In a moment he was back in the sea, striking out with a powerful, fast crawl.

SALLY knelt in the surf, staring after him, her face rigid with fear. Kira was near her. They didn't speak, but kept their eyes fixed on the distant moving head. Suddenly Sally drew in her breath sharply and watched in agony as the air bed heeled over. Tony had disappeared. Then she saw that the man was there. He'd reached Tony. She could see them both now. They were coming back—but slowly, oh, so slowly. The man must be exhausted. . . .

But now there were other people

gathered from nowhere—two young men went plunging in to help just as it seemed that the bobbing figures would never make the shore. In a few seconds Tony was brought in, scared but unharmed, and Sally was turning to the rescuer, the brown-chested man from "their place," who was fighting to get his breath back.

Fifteen minutes later a casual passer-by would scarcely have known that anything had occurred. The two young men had slipped away. The little knot of spectators had dispersed. The hero-in-chief was drinking a cup of sweet tea from the vacuum flask. Kira, pale and quiet, was handing out sandwiches to Alison and Tony. Sally was trying to keep a firm grip on her emotions, but she felt terribly shaken.

"I simply don't know how I can ever begin to thank you," she said to their rescuer. She added, lamely: "You must be absolutely worn out."

He grinned, showing strong, white teeth. "I take a lot of wearing out."

CERTAINLY he looked none the worse for his terrific exertions. He was, Sally now realized, a quite unusually large man—well over six feet and massively built. His thick black hair was clipped short, his rather heavy jaw was dark-shadowed, and he had very vivid blue eyes. He looked about forty.

"Do please tell me your name," Sally said.

The man hesitated, then smiled. "If you really want to know, it's Roscoe. Keith Roscoe."

"And I'm Sally Mellanby. . . . Are you on holiday here?"

"No, I'm on business, of a sort—hoping to find a small farm I can buy, as a matter of fact. But the weather was so good I decided to take time off and have a day on the beach."

"Thank goodness you did!" Sally was watching with some concern as Roscoe struggled to tuck his shirt into his sodden trousers. "You're going to be terribly uncomfortable in those wet things. Have you far to go?"

"Not really—just a few miles."

"You've got a car, have you?"

"No—I came by bus and walked along the beach."

"Then we must take you home," Sally said. "Where are you staying?"

"I don't suppose you'd know it—it's a little place called Fresney Stoke, near Bath. I'm at a pub there."

"But we live in Bath," Sally told

Sally's eyes were fixed on her
she watched as the stranger

*and tried to repay
long it would take*

DEED



helpless, struggling son. In agony
swam closer. Would he be in time?

Tom Egan.com

The golden deed

continued from page 6

him. "We'll drop you off on the way. It's the very least we can do. Come on, children, get ready."

In a few minutes everyone was dressed and all the belongings were gathered up. When they reached the car, Kira took the children in the back and Roscoe got in beside Sally.

"What sort of farm are you looking for, Mr. Roscoe?" she asked, as they left the sandy track and turned into the high road.

"Oh—something quite small—a few acres for a poultry farm, actually. I'm one of those redundant army chaps—too old at forty. Now I've got to find some way of turning my gratuity into a living."

Sally gave him a sympathetic glance. "Have you always been in the army?"

"Yes, I've been soldiering for more than twenty years. That's just the trouble. I don't know anything else. Still, I expect I can learn."

It took them little more than half an hour to reach Fresney Stoke by the side roads that Sally knew well. As they ran into the attractive stone village, she said: "Which is your pub, Mr. Roscoe?"

"The Plough—just on the left, there. Very modest, but I'm having to watch the old shekels at the moment. Fine—that'll do nicely."

Sally brought the car to a stop, and turned to him. "I know my husband will be most anxious to meet you," she said. "If you're not doing anything, would you come and have dinner with us tomorrow evening?"

Roscoe made a deprecatory gesture. "That's very kind of you, Mrs. Mellanby—and I'd like to. But it really isn't necessary, you know. It was a chance encounter—could have happened to anyone."

"I'm certain my husband would never forgive me if he didn't have the chance to say 'Thank you' himself," Sally said gently. "Won't you give us the pleasure of your company?"

"Well, if you put it like that I'll be very happy to come, of course. . . . Where exactly do you live?"

"Don't worry about that," Sally said. "I'll come and fetch you. How would it be if I picked you up here at half past six?"

"It would be fine," Roscoe said. "I'll look forward to it." He got out of the car, still dripping a little, pushed the door shut and strode away into the pub.

"I like that man," Tony said.

JOHN and Sally Mellanbys' home was a Georgian house standing in a walled garden on the western outskirts of Bath. Even in England's most splendid Georgian city it stood out as a flawless example of the period.

John Mellanby had preferred it to the exquisite Regency terraces in the centre of the town because it was so much quieter to work in.

For a man of independent means he worked extremely hard. He was an archaeologist and antiquarian. At the moment he was engaged on a considerable project—a scholarly survey of the ancient monuments of Somerset, which occupied him for four or five hours a day when he wasn't out on field work or taken away from it by civic duties in the town.

That afternoon he had taken his books and papers out on to the lawn and was working there in the shade of a spreading copper beech. He was still absorbed in his notes when the family came back. He hadn't expected them home till after six and he looked up in surprise as the Rover turned into the drive. After a moment he put his papers down and went over to the car. He walked with a slight limp, the result of an accident to his left leg ten years before.

One glance at Sally's face was enough to tell him that something was badly wrong. He said, in an anxious tone: "What's happened, darling?"

"Mummy and Tony were nearly

drowned!" Alison said importantly.

Mellanby shot Sally a look of horror, an incredulous, questioning look, and she gave a little nod. "Kira," she said, "would you take the children on to the back lawn for a while?"

"Of course," Kira said. "Come, children." She gathered them up and went off with them down the garden.

Sally said: "Let's go upstairs, John, we can talk better there."

Mellanby followed her. In their room, with the door shut, Sally flung herself weeping into his arms. "Oh, John, it's been so awful. Darling, hold me tight."

He held her, soothing and comforting her through the wild storm of tears, waiting until her shaking sobs had quietened. Then, in jerky sentences, she told him what had happened.

He said: "Sally! Oh, my darling!" and held her closer. His face was

everything," he said simply. "It's rather a frightening thought. . . ."

"Well, darling," Sally said, "we must try to do something about it. From what he said, I should think he's going to have a bit of a struggle over this farm, so perhaps we'll be able to help him in some way—if he's not too proud."

"I certainly hope so," Mellanby said.

As Sally turned the car in through the wrought-iron gates the next evening, Mellanby came out into the drive to greet his guest, his limp a little more marked than usual because of his nervousness.

His massive obligation to Roscoe weighed on him.

"I'm so glad you were able to come," he said, and paused. "My wife has told me all about what happened yesterday—your very brave action. I owe you more than I can ever repay."

"Oh, there was nothing to it," Roscoe said breezily. "Some chaps have a way of leaping straight in in an emergency and thinking afterwards, and

Glostons when they eventually bowler-hatted me."

"And now you're planning to become a chicken farmer?"

"That's the general idea. I may be crazy—but I've always been used to an open-air life and I know I'd never be able to stand a desk job. Ordinary farming's more than I could tackle, but I think I could manage poultry—and some people seem to make a living at it."

"What sort of place have you in mind?" Mellanby asked him.

"Oh, something quite small—the old gratuity won't run to anything ambitious. Round about three acres, I thought."

Mellanby, looking thoughtful, got up to refill the glasses. "It's certainly going to be quite an undertaking," he said, "starting from scratch the way you're doing."

Roscoe nodded. "It'll be all right if the money holds out."

As casually as he could, Mellanby said: "Well, if an interest-free loan would help you over the hump in the early stages, you've only to let me know."

"That's most generous of you," Roscoe said gratefully. "But I'd like to stand on my own feet as far as possible."

"Talking of standing on your own feet," Mellanby said, with a faint smile, "how are you planning to get about while you're looking for a place? My wife tells me you haven't a car. Why not borrow mine? I can easily share Sally's."

Roscoe looked doubtfully at Sally. "I'm sure it would be most inconvenient," he said.

"I don't do very much in the holidays," Sally said. "Really, we shan't be needing both cars—there's no reason at all why you shouldn't have one of them."

ROSCOE said: "H'm—well, it's darned nice of you, I must say, and very tempting. It would make a lot of difference—save me hours of foot-slogging."

"You'll be more than welcome," Mellanby said. "Take the Humber with you tonight."

"Well," Roscoe said, with obvious relief, "if I can really do that it'll ease another problem for me. It looks as though the first thing I'll have to do in the morning is look around for new lodgings."

"Oh?"

"Yes, the Plough's booked up solid after tonight, so I've got to shift. I tried a couple of other places in the village, but they're full, too, and they tell me Bath's chock-a-block. Still, I expect I'll be able to find something fairly soon. . . ."

Mellanby and Sally exchanged glances. There was a little pause. Then Sally said: "Won't you come and stay with us, Mr. Roscoe? We've lots of room, and we'd be delighted to have you. In fact, we insist, darling, don't we?"

"We do, indeed," Mellanby said. "One of us will collect you at the Plough tomorrow morning, Roscoe, and you can use this house as a base until you get fixed up. All right?"

"I'm overwhelmed," Roscoe said.

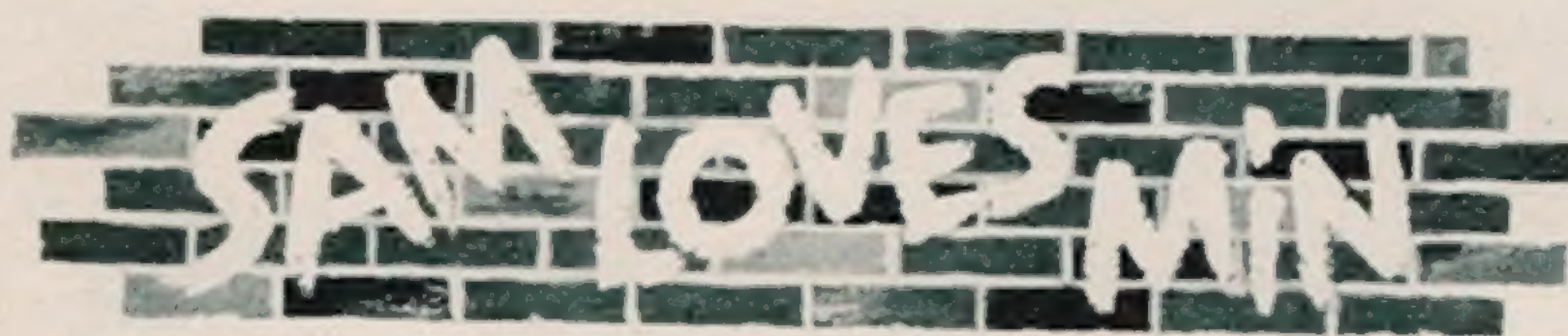
"Then it's settled," Sally said. She stood up as she caught sight of Mrs. Barney, the cook, at the open front door. "After dinner I'll show you your room."

Roscoe moved in the next morning, with one large suitcase and a stack of poultry journals. He was a perfect guest—out most of the day in the Humber viewing properties, and off early to bed with a magazine in the evening.

When he got home on the second day, he was bearing gifts—a huge bunch of red and white carnations. Sally was sitting with the children under the copper beech. He crossed the lawn to her and presented them with a bow and a flourish. "For you, Sally," he said.

The familiar use of her name startled her. She said: "That's not the way to

continued on page 32



Sam loves Min.

It says so, look, upon the snack-bar wall

In large, unsystematic scrawl.

What touching story there lies hid, I wonder?

Who is this Sam whose heart is torn asunder?

First young love.

Perhaps that's it. Perhaps young Sam's possessed

And cannot get it off his chest.

Perhaps the haughty Min was born above him—

What hope's poor Sam got that she'll learn to love him?

Cruel thought—

Suppose that Sam has long since passed his prime

And thinks it's love, at last, this time,

While Min, the minx, gives younger men her favour

(Still wearing, though, the bracelet poor Sam gave her).

But no—look!

Another message—"Min loves Sam." What bliss!

They're free to wed (if Min's a miss).

Sam's love, it seems, need not go unrequited.

It's no concern of mine, but I'm delighted.

GERRY KREIBICH

drawn and white. He was an imaginative man. Listening to her, he knew her terror as though he had suffered it himself.

"It all happened so quickly, John. Darling, try not to blame me too much."

"I don't blame you at all," Mellanby said. "I think you were very brave. You know you're a rotten swimmer."

"Oh—that was pure instinct. I'd forgotten about the man. . . . Darling, I've asked him to come and have dinner with us tomorrow. I thought you'd want to meet him."

"Of course," Mellanby said. "What's he like?"

"Well—he's big and dark, and rather good-looking in a military sort of way, and about your age, I should think. He's terribly bashful about it all and I think he'd really have liked to go straight off afterwards, but, of course, I couldn't let him. We owe him so much."

Mellanby nodded. "I owe him

that's what I happen to be like. It's the way you're made—there's no credit in it." He gave a boyish smile. "I'd really be happier if you'd forget all about it."

MELLANBY said: "I'm not likely to do that, but I understand. Let's go and have a drink, shall we?" With a friendly pressure on Roscoe's arm he conducted him to chairs set out round a little table under the copper beech. "We thought it might be pleasanter to sit out here, as it's so warm. What would you like to drink?"

"Gin-and-French for me, if that's all right," Roscoe said.

They drank. Mellanby passed the cigarettes to Roscoe, and lit his pipe. He was beginning to look more at ease.

"Well," he said, "my wife tells me you've just left the army."

"Yes. I was a major in the



A new man has taken charge of Britain's chaotic roads. Now get-it-done Marples must set the traffic moving—and fast

Here's a chance to unblock our towns

by KEITH ELLIS

THE evening of December 21 last was unexpectedly fine. Throughout the London suburbs it tempted thousands of fathers to get out their cars and take their families to see the Christmas decorations—the lights of Regent Street, the stores in Oxford Street, the tree in Trafalgar Square.

The police noted the returning traffic with foreboding. For days they had wrestled with hold-ups. Shoppers' cars had lined the kerbs so that delivery vans had been forced to double-park to unload supplies. Jay-walking pedestrians had further snarled the streets. Some bus services had been virtually out of commission for hours at a time.

Now, when the police could normally hope for a lull, fleets of cars streamed in. When they reached the West End, the drivers slowed to walking-pace so that they could see the lights.

As the evening wore on, the traffic crept more and more slowly. Numerous small delays linked up and at 7.30 p.m. came the nightmare that the experts had dreaded. Like a gigantic piece of clockwork running down, traffic came to a dead stop in one huge jam from Marble Arch to Trafalgar Square.

Schemes such as the Chiswick Fly-over and the Park Lane Improvement suggest that the authorities are at last beginning to tackle the problem. But experts doubt whether these and other projects will keep traffic moving.

And it is not only in London that the situation is growing desperate. Conditions are almost as bad in many provincial cities.

Though major schemes costing

£80 million are now under way, a recent select committee on roads criticized the "relative neglect of urban improvement." It went on: "This neglect . . . can be remedied only by shifting the emphasis away from rural roads."

The present situation is desperate. Unlike those of most other countries, Britain's cities have not had planned road systems since Roman times. Most of them reached capacity in the thirties. Many local authorities planned improvements, but work was stopped by the war.

Since then almost nothing has been spent on the roads. Meanwhile, the number of vehicles using them has soared from three million in 1938 to seven and a half million in 1957.

Every city jammed

The result is the jams which clog every city in Britain. As early as 1949, a survey showed that nine hundred vehicle hours a day were lost at Hyde Park Corner and Piccadilly Circus.

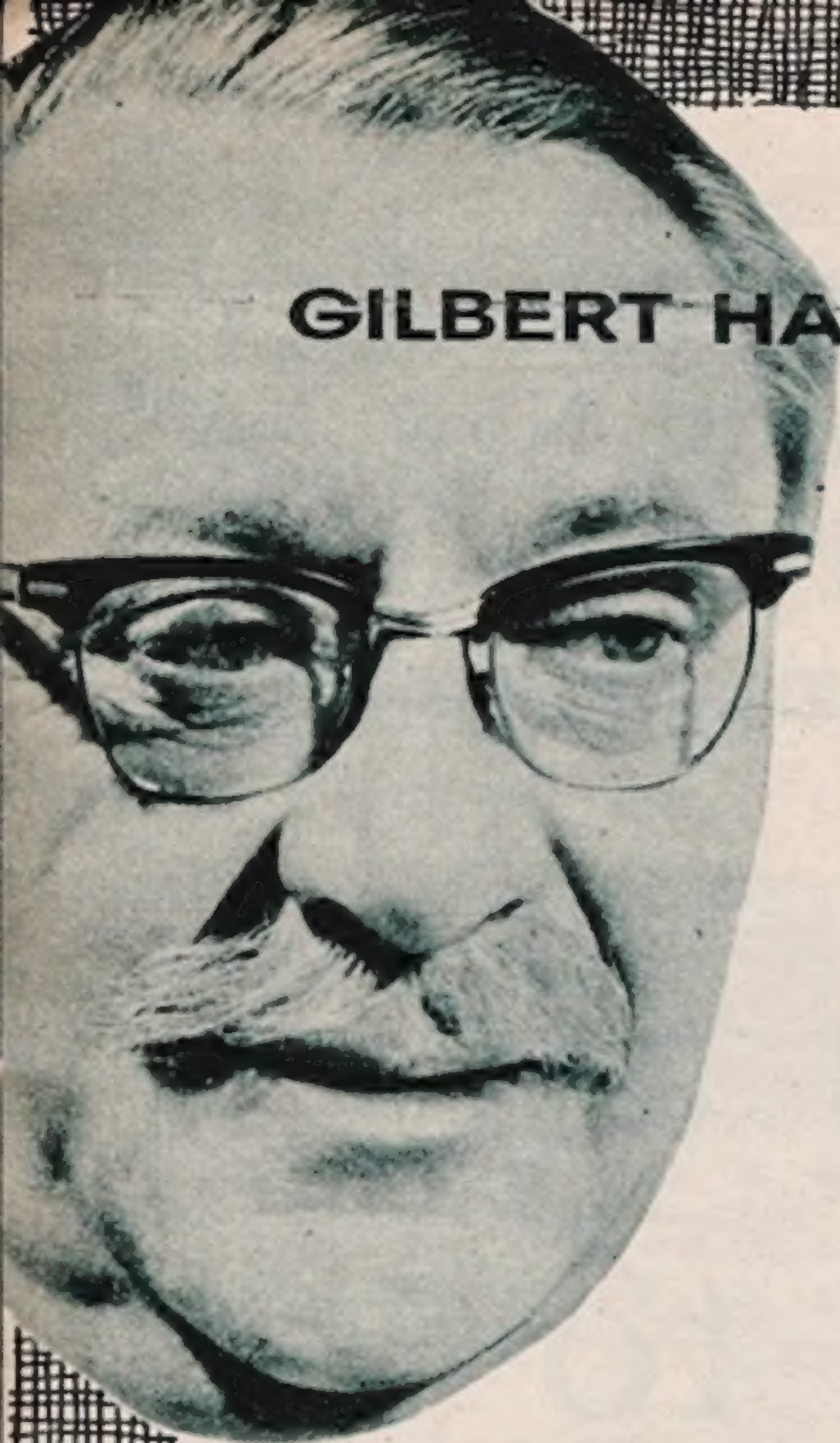
Since then conditions have grown much worse, and by 1956 the average speed of traffic in central London was 10 m.p.h. This compared with 8 m.p.h. in Glasgow, nine in Newcastle and twelve in Worcester.

The cost of these delays is impossible to calculate. But a Birmingham firm worked out that it would save £20,000 a year if its fleet of three hundred vehicles could travel at an average of 12 m.p.h. instead of ten.

Oddly, there is no shortage of detailed plans for what needs to be done. Wilfrid Andrews, chairman of the Roads Campaign Council and of the Royal Automobile Club, says: "Almost all the cities and towns of Britain have good plans for solving their traffic problems. But most of them are not being carried out because the government—which provides a major part of the finance—fails to give them permission to start."

Also, many engineers believe that

Traffic snarls up in Birmingham's New Street. Work has now started on an inner ring road, but most British cities are not so lucky



GILBERT HARDING SAYS...

I won't be taken for a guy

SOME years ago there was a humorous stage show in London called *1066 And All That*, a rather acid view of history in which Christopher Columbus was accused of the crime of having discovered America, and Guy Fawkes was charged with failing to blow up the Houses of Parliament.

In fact, Guy Fawkes had comparatively little to do with the Gunpowder Plot. He was what might be called in these days the "stool pigeon" or "fall guy." He was a soldier of fortune with a knowledge of explosives who was called in by the real plotters to do the work. There is no doubt that if the fuse had been lit the Lords would have gone up.

Hooligan displays

Few people now know or want to be reminded of the motive behind the plot. It is enough that November 5 is the annual occasion for an ever increasing expenditure by the public on fireworks, and for displays of primitive hooliganism which become wilder every year.

There's nothing wrong with Bonfire Night itself. It brings colour, warmth and fun into the dreary no-man's-land of November, when summer holidays are a memory and Christmas is still weeks ahead. Under proper control fireworks can be beautiful and entertaining, but an appalling nuisance when they are let off at random, or maliciously, to the terror of the elderly, the very young, the nervous, and dogs.

Nor do I like the way grubby urchins make November 5 the excuse for weeks of shameless cadging, "a penny for the guy."

Even in my childhood, which is not all that long ago, some children went to great trouble to make an impressive guy. But in recent years I have been accosted by children demanding money for a completely imaginary guy. Once when I had the temerity to ask "What guy?" I was told that it was "Too cold to bring him out tonight." I gave that lad a tanner for his cheek.

I am now eccentric and crusty enough to refuse to part with even a halfpenny for the guy unless the collectors can tell me, roughly, what the Gunpowder Plot was, and the name of the king whose Parliament Guy Fawkes wanted to blow up. The better the answer the more I give.

It is not only mercenary children who spoil the occasion. At Cambridge it is still considered amusing by gentlemen of the University to extinguish all the street lamps in the centre of the city, and there are

usually assaults on the police that are neither funny nor dignified.

At Oxford fireworks are thrown on buses, private cars are perilously rocked as they try to edge through the crowds, and the Randolph Hotel is subjected to a rocket bombardment that would do credit to the U.S. Marines.

At Lewes, the beautiful country town of Sussex, November 5 is the occasion for a bitter demonstration against the Roman Catholic church in general and the Pope in particular. The venom of their anti-papist slogans is as sulphurous as the fumes of the fireworks. Last year they paid me the compliment of burning me in effigy as well as the Pope.

As an excuse for a display November 5 is all right, though I personally think that purely patriotic anniversaries like those of Waterloo, Trafalgar, Alamein, provide still better excuse than politico-religious affairs like the Gunpowder Plot. But I do think it is regrettable that people cannot enjoy good fun and high spirits without verging on senile delinquency.

There's a demon in all of us, and I like to think that we enjoy November 5 and look on the memory of Guy Fawkes with respect, because he gives us an excuse to release the demon by indulging in the maximum of destruction with minimum risk.

When I was a child in Hereford we used to have our display on a wide open space, long since built over. The whole thing was an orderly occasion, and though we children were allowed nothing more than sparklers or a golden rod to hold in our hands, we welcomed the night because we were allowed to stay up late, and after the bonfire we could go home black and grimy, with the prospect of a hot supper.

Orderly occasion

If I had a garden big enough, and knew enough children, I should like to have a display myself. I'd do it to the accompaniment of Handel's *Fireworks Music*.

The occasion, I hope, would be orderly though I would not treat it with the sobriety with which it is received at St. Peter's School, York, which Fawkes and several other of the conspirators attended. This is one of the few places in the country that never has a guy. The headmaster feels it is hardly the thing to burn an old boy.

Some of the rest of us may think that it is a pity to continue to burn a politician who did what no other politician has achieved. He turned a dull, drab November day into a cheerful festival. Let's keep it that way.

THE END

continued from previous page

British road-building is hamstrung by old-fashioned methods.

"The trouble is," said one critic of our road programme, "British engineers haven't built roads for so long that they're just not up in modern methods."

Whatever the reasons for the delays, our cities desperately need relief. One solution is the by-pass. It gets rid of the vehicles which have no business in a place but are just passing through. This is a major part of Preston's plan.

Preston is plagued with through traffic. The A6, the main road from London to Glasgow, goes through it. So do routes leading from Liverpool, North Wales, Southport and Blackpool. Cross-streams from Blackburn, north Lancashire and north Yorkshire add to the confusion.

The Preston by-pass has already taken away much of the traffic that once used the A6—so much that the timing of the traffic lights at the junction of the A6 with the Blackpool road has been adjusted to allow less time for the A6 traffic.

But Preston will have to wait years for further improvement. Eventually, it is planned, other new roads will link with the by-pass and divert the rest of the through traffic.

But the Ministry of Transport has not yet even fixed a starting date for these roads. Alan Watkinson, who until the recent Cabinet shuffle was Transport Minister, refused to issue what he called a "shopping list" of new projects in case the order has to be changed later. Now Ernest Marples, the go-ahead former Postmaster-General, has taken over the job. Will he inject some urgently-needed drive into the government's efforts to tackle the problem?

By-passes will eventually relieve congestion in many other towns and cities besides Preston. On the A1, work has already started on a £6-million by-pass for Doncaster and on another costing £1,450,000 for Stamford. But these towns are lucky.

Worcester is one of the worst congested cities in Britain. Ten main roads converge on its High Street, which in places is only seventeen feet wide. Its only hope of relief is a by-pass which will form part of the Bristol-Birmingham motorway, and traffic studies have already shown it would draw off from the city more than four thousand vehicles a day, many of them heavy lorries and coaches. Yet no starting date has been fixed and Worcester has to endure its congestion indefinitely.

Big-city problem

By-passes can give major relief in only a few cases. The bigger the city, the smaller the proportion of through traffic it attracts. In cities as big as Birmingham, Liverpool or London, around nine-tenths of the traffic clogging the streets has business in the city. The problem is to get it swiftly to its destination.

One solution is a series of ring roads. The outer one acts as a by-pass for any through traffic, and links the outer suburbs with each other. The intermediate one circulates traffic round the middle suburbs, and the inner one circles the city centre.

Linked by radial roads, the ring roads keep traffic as far away from the centre as possible.

Most big British cities already have or plan outer and intermediate ring roads. Often, they are a patchwork of existing roads which are being improved over a long period. For most cities, the most urgent need is an inner ring road to clear the centre itself.

Birmingham is a typical example. Besides the normal traffic of a big city, a large number of lorries ply between factories which more than most "take in each others' washing."

To carry them, the city centre has a pattern of streets which has hardly changed since the beginning of the nineteenth century. The only new major road is Corporation Street, laid in the time of Joseph Chamberlain.

By 1936 conditions were so bad that

Sir Herbert Manzoni, the city engineer, devised a system of one-way streets all round the city centre. It kept traffic moving even if it baffled and infuriated out-of-town drivers. But this, too, became inadequate, and in 1946 Birmingham secured a private Act of Parliament to build its inner ring road.

Today, work on the first section has slashed spectacular scars across the central area. Soaring on viaducts and dipping through tunnels, the three and a half miles of new road will be 110 feet wide. Each of its thirty-eight foot dual carriageways will take one line of stationary and three lines of moving traffic.

The advantages are not confined to traffic. The scheme will increase rateable values. By improving facilities, it will extend and enliven the city centre. It will make possible redevelopment all along its length.

Birmingham is lucky. Although it will take around ten years to complete the road, everyone can see that a serious start has been made. Long before it is finished as a whole, completed sections will greatly improve traffic conditions.

Nearly every other major city in Britain has a plan for an inner ring road, but little or no progress is being made in building them.

Glasgow has not even made a start and does not know when a start will be made. Sheffield has completed 250 yards of three and a half miles. It has no idea when the rest will be built. Liverpool hopes to get under way in 1961-62 and to finish within ten years.

Ten years to wait

Other cities are a little better off. Nottingham has started on the first half-mile and hopes to finish in five to ten years' time. Leicester has already completed half a mile (some of it before the war) and is shortly to start work on another four hundred yards and expects to complete half of the two-mile road within five years. The other mile will probably take another five years.

A ring road is not always the answer to a city's traffic problems. In 1943, the Abercrombie Plan for London included having a ring road one and a half to two miles from Charing Cross, crossing the river at Vauxhall Bridge and by a new tunnel east of the Tower.

Last July, the Nugent Committee on London roads looked at the idea again. It found that the cost would be at least £150 million and much new property built since the war would have to come down. The road would cut whole neighbourhoods in two and desolate some of London's finest architecture.

The L.C.C. and the government have rejected the idea of a ring road and hope to solve the problem with a large number of individual improvements.

Some of these—such as the roundabouts at the Elephant and Castle and the road widening at Notting Hill—are well under way. Others, such as the duplication of Blackwall Tunnel and the Hyde Park scheme are just beginning.

But work has not yet started on schemes for widening Euston Road from Albany Street to Gower Street (£2½ million), widening Finchley Road north of Swiss Cottage (£500,000), making a new intersection where Old Street crosses City Road (£1½ million), another new intersection at Gardiner's Corner (£1½ million), and a new road linking Harrow Road with Marylebone Road and continuing in a flyover across Edgware Road (£4 million).

Before these and other improvements are completed, millions of hours will be wasted in jams, and hundreds of men, women and children will be killed and injured in unnecessary accidents. Many experts believe that traffic could seize up on ordinary weekdays just as it seized up in the special conditions of last December.

Whether they plump for a ring road or just a series of improvements, local authorities know they will be wasting their time unless they tackle the parking problem simultaneously.

It is worst in London. Already 70,000 suburbanites who work in the centre travel each day by car. A million

continued on page 37

How does Prince Philip get his own way—and what is he after? A full-length study of the mind and methods of the “Royal outsider” who, with no official power, is one of the most influential men in Britain today



Prince Philip—in safety glasses—quizzes a girl worker in a cider factory. On tours he questions everything—and speaks out if he spots a snag

Prince Philip peps things up

by RENÉ LECLER

PRINCE PHILIP is a remarkable man. After twelve years in the limelight he stands, on the pedestal on which the British people have put royalty, slightly off centre, a star player in the longest serial drama in history, the adaptation of the monarchy to changing times.

Those who know him and work with him speak of him with a mixture of astonishment and delighted surprise, very different from the distant affection with which royalty is usually discussed.

The adjectives are no longer so guarded, the judgment a good deal more realistic. The source of the greatest surprise is that Prince Philip should have accomplished so much with so little official power.

He has only two official appointments. He is a Privy Councillor and a member of the Council of the Duchy of Cornwall, both largely honorary duties. Yet he is also the best-known youth leader in the country, an inspired booster of scientific achievement and an expert on industrial development. “His strength,” one Buckingham Palace official said, “is that he should have been able to do all that on his own, without official backing.”

To do “all that” has also needed complete fearlessness. Soon after the Queen came to the throne, Prince Philip began to realize that complacency was one of the British failings, and that there were some things that needed saying publicly which nobody had said before. He began to say them.

There was the time when, with

exports slumping, he told an assembly of British exporters: “It’s no good shutting your eyes and saying ‘British is best’ three times a day after meals and expecting it to be so. . . .”

Sir Harold Hartley, one of Britain’s leading industrialists and for many years Prince Philip’s scientific adviser, says of such speeches: “Absolutely typical. He throws ideas at people and hopes that they will fall on good ground.”

Not long ago, after a dinner at which the Duke of Edinburgh had been speaking, one guest was heard to say to another: “Why, the man is a national pick-me-up.”

A stimulant. A pick-me-up. A sort

of national “small voice” speaking out the things which most people think but can’t say. After spending several weeks talking to people who have worked with Prince Philip, industrialists, trade union leaders, court officials and business men, I have no doubts left that this is the part which the Queen’s husband has chosen to play in British life, a part which few other people could play.

The two really remarkable things about Prince Philip are the way he works and how, as a highly placed outsider, he manages to influence people and the course of events. And the way he works begins with how much he does. An official list of his activities names

nearly five hundred organizations in which he holds some appointment.

The variety in his occupations is fantastic and leads him into virtually every field of activity in Britain: Some of the connections are, of course, small ones, probably involving no more than the wearing of a certain tie at a club meeting; others are appointments for which most people would be paid several thousand pounds a year. Some are merely amusing, others dead serious and so involved that fifty words are needed to describe them.

Here is a sample. He is president of the British Medical Association for 1959, a member of the British Falconers’ Club, patron of the Caravan

Prince Philip peps things up

continued from previous page

Club of Great Britain, president of the English-Speaking Union of the Commonwealth, a member of the Mudhook Yacht Club, patron of the Industrial Welfare Society, founder of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme, Elder Brother of Trinity House, member of the Goat Club, patron of the London Federation of Boys' Clubs, Admiral of the Great Navy of the State of Nebraska, patron of the Marine Biological Association of the United Kingdom, president of Cheam School Association, patron of the Philharmonic Society of Malta, president of the National Playing Fields Association, president of the Royal Society of Arts, patron of the Society of Registered Male Nurses.

He is connected with yachtsmen, chemists, air pilots, pharmacists, doctors, gas experts and fishmongers, and is chancellor of two universities—Edinburgh and Wales. Occasionally

he makes another job for himself, as in 1956 when he became president of the Duke of Edinburgh's Study Conference on the Human Problems in Industrial Communities, partly his own idea and one of his really outstanding efforts.

He is often asked for "just one more" and he takes it on, regardless of whether it is purely honorary or real hard work. But he always has a refreshing view of the matter. When he was made an honorary life member of the Institution of Gas Engineers he said: "Gas is something I have always taken for granted, like electricity and cows. . . ."

In any man, this might show an element of unpardonable if amusing levity, but not with the Duke. He had done his homework. Not long afterwards he was visiting a gas conversion plant in North Wales and was taken right to the top of one of the giant containers. Someone told him of a small

production bottleneck connected with the filling of the containers. Prince Philip said nothing but thought about it. At the end of his visit he turned to his host and said: "You know your little snag up there? How would it be if . . . ?" and went on to describe a small gadget he had thought of.

His mentor said later: "Those people were quite flabbergasted. It was a small thing and anybody could have thought of it. But he was the one who did, and it worked."

Not long ago, when he was made a Freeman of the ancient Mercers' Company, he told the members: "From what you tell me there seems to be only one older profession than a mercer. . . ."

How he does it

To get so much work done Prince Philip has had to plan his programme carefully. "He has had to change his way of working a bit," said one of the secretaries at Buckingham Palace. "He can't afford the time to take on any more commitments permanently. Instead, if he is asked, he agrees to be

chairman for a year or president for five and so on. It gives him a better chance to move around."

But he keeps in touch with all the organizations he sponsors. Sir John Hunt, the Everest climber and the man who has worked closely with Prince Philip on the building up of the Award Scheme, says: "Every memorandum, every record of a conference or précis of important talks, all are sent to Prince Philip once a month, and I know very well he goes through the lot because things often come back to me with his pithy comments in the margin."

Paul Winterforde-Young, secretary of the London Federation of Boys' Clubs, added: "He follows up every letter and every memo. We know that because of the questions he asks when he comes to see us. Sometimes he even knows which club is engaged on what activity."

Many people believe that Prince Philip's speeches are written for him. Sir Harold Hartley ridiculed the suggestion. "Write them for him? Good heavens, no. Nobody could imitate that style. Now, I'll prove it to you . . ." and out of a filing cabinet he produced a large file, two inches thick. "That," he said, "was one speech. The one he delivered at Karachi last February. It all started back in June, 1958."

The heavy file began with a memo in the Duke's long, slightly left-slanted handwriting. "Please ask so-and-so to let me have a report on scientific research in Pakistan." And so it went on. Gradually, over the months, the file got thicker. From Balmoral, during the Royal Family's summer holidays, came more memos: Get this . . . I don't understand that . . . Please explain it . . . I don't think this is very much to the point. From the four corners of the world came papers, memoranda, letters, suggestions, explanations, so that the Queen's husband, the man for whom the constitution holds no place, could write his speech.

In the autumn, in his contemporarily furnished study on the first floor of Buckingham Palace, Prince Philip began writing it in longhand. Two months later it was delivered before the scientists of Pakistan.

Search for facts

This let's-find-out-about-it attitude comes naturally to the Duke. "He doesn't even take the weather for granted," said one who has often worked with him. "If you say to him, 'I think it's going to be fine today,' he'll turn around and ask, 'Why? What makes you think so? How do you know?'"

Allied to this constant search for facts is an unusual gift of the happy phrase, the telling word. Most people believe that Prince Philip developed this in the Royal Navy, long known for its incisive, laconic speech. Once, visiting a technical school, he told the students: "If anyone tells you that there isn't a better way of doing something, he is either a supernatural being or a supernatural clot. . . ."

Last winter, at a dinner of the Metropolitan juvenile courts justices, he began his speech by saying: "I was rather anxious about finding myself in the presence of so many 'beaks' until I discovered, quite accidentally, that I am also a justice of the peace. . . . I have also discovered another interest in juvenile courts. I am what I gather is called 'a dad.' But for the time being I am running my own court. . . ."

Visiting a design exhibition one day he saw a tripod whose shape pleased him. "Would you please have it filled with hot water?" he asked an attendant. "I want to see if I can pick it up without burning my fingers." Sometimes, in his efforts to impress a point, he sails very close to the foot-in-mouth type of statement. A case in point was the meeting of the Automobile Association when he said: "If you want good roads, go abroad. . . ."

And so he goes through life, his hands clasped behind his back, his head tilted forward in an inquiring stance and a good question always near at hand. He

continued on page 26

Those Joneses

*My wife and I are always having scenes
Because our neighbours live beyond my means.*

NOEL SCOTT



And Now A Word From . . .

"How did you like dancing in Moscow?"

"The stage was well heated."

"Did you find audiences enthusiastic?"

"I concentrate on my art. I never notice audiences: the theatre might be empty."

"What do you think is the chief difference between British and Russian dancers?"

"I do not look at other dancers."

"Did you do any shopping in Russia?"

"No. I bought everything in Kensington before I went."

"Did you meet Mr. Kruschew?"

"I've no memory for names."

"Do you feel your visit has helped reduce the tension between Britain and Russia?"

"I was not aware that there had been any."

"Did you invite the Russian dancers to dance in London?"

"I am an artist, not a booking agent. I do not care where they dance."

"Oh, well, what impression did you form of the country?"

"I expected more wolves."

HOWARD BROOKES

Science Fiction

Hold tight now,

Professor, Carruthers, Trelawney and Jim,

Nadia and Jane—this is Stratosphere Sim

Signing-off with a last-minute message to Earth.

We're taking off now—each one strapped to his berth?—

Goodnight now!

All right now?

Geel the kick of that "booster" was something terrific,

It knocked us all out for the space of a jiff,

But we're well under way now, the engines are grand,

And everything's going the way that we planned.

If our speed is maintained and we don't spring a leak,

We should touch down on Mars by the end of next week.

There we shall see the Parrot Men,

The Insect Men or the Carrot Men,

And the marvellous Robots with brains of tin. . . .

Dash! Mother is calling—we've got to go in!

FRANCIS NEWBOLD

PERSONAL COLUMN

UNITED STATES MASTER
SERGEANT, leaving Britain, wishes dispose 1959 Rolls-Bentley. Many improvements. Suit maharaja. JB 606.

LOOK — Rent Only 5s. a Week! Six Business Girls seek six more to share compact bed-sitter. JB 607.

MISSING since Monday: **BUDGERIGAR**, flame-blue, can recite telephone number Poppin 1214. Will finder take to phone and press Button A. Reward. JB 608.

DON'T throw away **OLD FALSE EYELASHES!** We pay 1s. 6d. per gross. Dreamybed Mattress and Pillow Company, Manchester.

TITLED GENTLEMAN would share his atomic shelter with another **TITLED GENTLEMAN**. Good cellar. Interests: North-West Frontier, Sexton Blake, tiddleywinks. JB 609.

BUY A VOLCANO! Be the envy of your friends. Only two left, mid-Pacific group. Guaranteed active. Five days' flight only. Easy terms. JB 610.

PEKINGESE, outstanding show winner, twenty guineas; another, stroked by Rita Hayworth, thirty guineas. JB 611.

NATTERING Can Be Cured — If Treated Early. Send your wife to us for fortnight's treatment. Almost painless. Chronic cases looked after in Grummitt's Home For Incurable Natterers, Twittering-on-Sea.

BLOW FOOTBALL CHAMPION. Looking on world to

E. S. TURNER

THROUGH THE HOOP

by PATRICK RYAN

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

Being a busker's dummy at six bob a go is no joke. Particularly when you're so tied up you can't scarper

IF you were ever around Irving's statue at the back of the National Gallery, just before the war, you may well have seen me in the flesh already. Not that you would have recognized me; I was a busker's temporary assistant, and wore a sack over my head usually.

I was rising twenty-one and had just retired from all-in wrestling. I'd done all right at the grunt-and-groan lark but what with a blonde christened Alice, a greyhound called Polo and a bookmaker named Toddy, the money just went like gravy. Toddy was getting urgent about his outstanding portion and three of his collectors had already met me outside my lodgings in the Old Kent Road, flashed chivs that much from my nose and told me that I pay up or lose my ears.

I went down to the Boar's Head to seek inspiration and, in the entrance to the bar, met Charlie Dragon, the one-man band. He always took his pint there because the drum on his chest and the cymbals on his back made it difficult to get in through the door. He was covered all over with bells, gongs and whistles. When he breathed, he jangled; when he moved, orchestras played.

"Wotcher, my old china," Charlie

Dragon said. "What's up? Going to your own funeral?"

I told him about Toddy's tallymen being on my tail.

"It's lucky we met, china," Charlie said. "I owe you a good turn for when you got that dog out of my drum. I may be able to put you in line for a few quid." He poked me in the chest and the Bells of Aberdovey pealed up his arm. "You got the torso for it, all right. You come along and see old Cobbie Carson. He runs a chain and whip act and he's a pal of mine. They nicked Big Alfie, his partner, on Monday, and he's dead stuck for a straight man."

WE found old Cobbie under the railway arches, the local Tin Pan Alley of the buskers. He was wiry, gnarled and broken-nosed, his leather skin tattooed all over with bleeding hearts and butterflies. I stood before him for inspection, stripped to the waist.

"I don't know, Charlie," he said. "He's a bit big and a bit fat." He pinched my waist roll excruciatingly.

"A bit of fat's all right, Cobbie," said my agent. "Bulge up round the chains and make 'em look like they're biting real cruel."

"Maybe. But he looks too cheerful. You gotta look pathetic to make a good

I was stuck fast in the grille. "Now get up out of there, lad," the copper said, "or I'll have you inside . . ."



Through the hoop

continued from previous page

slave, that's what gets the sympathy."
"But he'll have a sack over his head most of the time."

"He's too young-looking. That's the real trouble."

"No it ain't, it's an asset. You used to say Big Alfie was your brother? Well, this one's your only son."

"With a sack over his head, I might own him. But it's an idea, Charlie. It might bring the nobbings in. So, just to oblige you, I'll give him a go. . . . You ever done any chain-cracking, son?"

"No. But I once saw a film of Houdini getting out of a straitjacket."

"Did you now? Ever stood for the whip?"

"No. But Charlie says it's all right as long as I stand stock-still."

"You'll stand still all right. Or

else you'll see your perishing eyeballs rolling down the road."

Cobbie gave me a course of training before we went out to business. We weren't going before the Magic Circle, so we could afford to be a bit rough and ready. He showed me how you steal the slack while they're chaining you up, crossing your hands in front, filling out your forearms, blowing up your diaphragm and using all the other dodges that give you a quarter of an inch here and a quarter there, so that, when you work it all together, you've

got enough loose chain to skip with.

Being the dummy in a chain act is a bit uncomfortable, but it's the easier part. All you have to do is to suffer a bit on the cobbles and wriggle; the spieler has to collect the crowd, hold their interest and catch their sympathy so that they give a decent hatful.

"There he lies, my friends," boomed Cobbie. "My own flesh and blood, my own dear son, and I thank Gawd his saintly mother ain't here today to see him. I never thought the time would come when I'd have to bring my own boy this low to earn a crust of bread and the price of a place to lay our heads tonight. Up at college he was, that boy there, and the apple of his headmaster's eye. Where was you, son?"

I'd muffle through the sack: "Up at college, Dad. Up at Oxford, I was."

"Oxford, he was. And kept there as long as my brother Alfie and me could afford the fees. You've all seen Alfie lying there in those self-same chains . . . and now he's sick, and I've had to take my boy away from college and chain him up for your entertainment, ladies and gentlemen."

He'd crack the stockwhip ferociously around me and I'd cringe pitifully. Then he'd go round with the hat.

"Twelve sportsmen, I want, to give a tanner each for that boy who's risking his life. Any minute now and he might suffocate or strangle himself. You still alive in there, son?"

"Yes, Dad," I'd choke. "I'm . . . I'm all right."

"Twelve sixpences, I said, my friends, and what have I got in the hat? Two and fourpence. For Gawd's sake don't die yet, son, I ain't collected enough to bury you. . . . Now come on sports, just eight more gems with red blood in their veins. Thank you. Thank you. Three and eight we got now. That'll be enough to last that boy all his life . . . providing he dies right down there where he is."

Then, after I'd got out of the chains, Cobbie would do an escape-cum-contortion trick of his own invention. He had six steel split-rings, each about twelve inches in diameter, hinged at one point to open like calipers. I would loop these six rings tightly about his waist and fasten each with a separate padlock. He'd suck in his stomach, force his hands inside the rings and, squirming like a silkworm in a steel cocoon, would slowly force three of the rings up over his torso and three down over his hips. Twisting like a frustrated dervish, he'd give a yell of victory and three rings would shoot off over his head and the others clatter down to his feet.

Cobbie's speciality, this trick was, and he would never let me have a shot at it. I suppose he thought if I knew too much, I'd ask for more money.

The father-and-son-down-from-college line caught the public fancy, and after a couple of weeks I was able to pay Toddy enough off my debt to keep those chiv-artists from my doorstep. We worked the stands by day—Irvings Statue, Tower Hill, the Corner—and by night we played the theatre queues.

We had trouble in the evenings sometimes because Benny Tablet, Cobbie's lifelong enemy, also played the theatre trade. Benny and his partner were all-singing, all-dancing acrobats. They'd run out a cane tap-mat, dance like machine-guns, leap on and off each other's shoulders, singing all the time that they'd "Travel the road, sharing their load, side by side."

I don't know what it was Benny and Cobbie originally quarrelled about and I don't think they did either. But that didn't dim the intensity of their vendetta and they were always trying to do each other down.

There was nearly big trouble between them one night when we were entertaining at the Lane. The Two Grandads were on before us. The tall one played the harmonium while the short one stood on his head and did leg exercises in time to the music, both, meanwhile, loudly singing "Land Of Hope And



Here at last is the invisible way to perfect vision—a tiny marvel that floats on tears

by ALAN LLOYD

As Sir Malcolm Sargent conducted the Royal Choral Society at its carol concert in the Albert Hall last December, Constance Foster—chorister 331—threw back her brunette head and sang "O Come, All Ye Faithful" as she had never sung before. For the first time since childhood she was singing without her spectacles.

"The rims had always restricted my vision and I used to bend my head forward to read the music," she explained afterwards. "That was bad for my singing."

When friends asked Constance how she had read the music at all without her glasses, she removed from her eyes two wafer-thin plastic discs, no larger in circumference than a pencil. Invisible in use, micro-corneal lenses float on the eye's natural tear layer, held in place by capillary action.

This latest "miracle child" in the contact lens family is less than a third of an inch in diameter, as little as six thousandths of an inch thick, and the combined weight of both lenses is no more than that of a postage stamp.

Constance Foster has used her micro-corneal lenses for more than a year. She wears them all day at work, keeps them on in the evening if she is going

Glory." We took the line when they finished, and I was out of the chains and Cobbie was in his rings when Benny Tablet and his partner came and pitched right in front of us. Without as much as a by-your-leave, they ran out their tap-mat and went straight into their routine.

"Oi!" yelled Cobbie, rings restricting his chest. "What the perishing blazes d'you think you're up to?"

Benny caught his partner on his shoulders. "Three minutes, mate," he growled, "that's how long each act gets. Not thirty-three flaming minutes. And you've had your time. He turned to the audience and began to sing: "Ho! We ain't got a barrel of money,

THE WITNESS STATES

INVESTIGATION:

The death of Myra Humphreys, aged thirty-eight, found electrocuted in her bath.



FIRST WITNESS

I am George Humphreys, her husband. I was sitting in the lounge reading the paper at about ten o'clock when the light suddenly went out and I heard a sort of cry upstairs. Myra was taking a bath and her sister Doreen, who lives with us, had just gone to bed after washing her hair. I didn't know which one of them it was, and went rushing up, striking matches in the dark. Doreen was out on the landing, and she said the cry had come from the bathroom. I told her to get a candle and I went into the bathroom. I found Myra lying in the bath, dead. She'd pulled over a little electric heater that I'd rigged up. I'm a bit confused about what happened after that.

My name is Robert McCann, and I'm the Humphreys's next-door neighbour. I was out filling the scuttle at the coal shed when I heard a woman yelling. Someone was striking matches in one of the upstairs rooms, and I called out. A bedroom window opened and Doreen Willis shouted down to me: "Get a doctor quickly. Myra's been electrocuted." I dialled 999 and went round to the Humphreys to see what I could do. The back door was open and I went upstairs. The house was in darkness but there was a candle burning in the bedroom and George and Doreen were carrying Mrs. Humphreys through from the bathroom in a towel. I thought I'd better mend the fuse first thing, and I did so. I then went back upstairs, and found them both in a dreadful state. I asked if there was any brandy or whisky in the house, and Doreen said in the sideboard in the lounge. I went down to get it, but I was a bit jumpy myself and couldn't find the light switch in the lounge. So I went back home to bring my own whisky. When I returned, the doctor had arrived and was examining the body.



SECOND WITNESS

I'm Doreen Willis. I'm afraid I can add very little to what has been said. I washed my hair at about half past nine and went right to my room. I was looking at a magazine in bed when I heard Myra give a peculiar sort of cry and at the same moment the light went out. I put on my dressing-gown and went out to the landing, and George came running up and told me to get a candle. I brought one from my room and followed him into the bathroom. Myra was just lying there with the electric fire pulled down from the little shelf over the bath. I heard Mr. McCann outside and called down to him to get a doctor, and then George and I carried Myra through. We were so stunned we just sat there looking at her until the doctor arrived. That electric fire was so terribly dangerous! I've always been scared to touch it. Only last week I told Myra there would be an accident one day. And now there has been. . . .



THIRD WITNESS

Turn to page 32 for the Inspector's comment



Margaret Veasey hated glasses. To buy the contact lenses she wears now she gave up a holiday abroad

Miracle in your eye

out, and has even forgotten to remove them at bedtime and slept with them in.

By giving her a fifteen per cent wider field of vision than her conventional glasses, they have enabled her to improve her driving and her tennis, as well as her singing. And they do not steam up when she cooks.

Twenty-one million people in Britain wear spectacles all the time—about ten million men and eleven million women. But about half a million already possess a pair of contact lenses (though fewer use them regularly), and many thousands of spectacle wearers are switching to contacts every year.

How good are contact lenses—and for what? Can anyone wear them? What is it like to do so?

The most eligible candidates for contact lenses are normally found among people who wear spectacles full-time to correct short-sightedness. Contacts are also recommended in some cases where there is irregularity in the shape of the cornea, and where there has been eye injury or corneal grafting.

Contacts are not generally recommended to correct minor errors of vision (for instance, where people merely need glasses for reading), or lack of co-ordination between the eyes.

Reputable contact lens clinics are jealous of their reputations and anxious

to avoid supplying clients who will not "make a go" of the venture. Most wearers suffer some discomfort at first, and it is considered important that they should be sufficiently determined to persevere during this troublesome period—sometimes only a few hours, usually a day or so, occasionally a matter of weeks.

Mrs. Jessie Press, a librarian, had worn spectacles since childhood before she had contacts fitted two years ago. "It took me fourteen days of hard going to get used to them," she says. "Sometimes I could hardly bear them in my eyes. My vision was often blurred by tears and my eyes became sore.

'It was wonderful'

"But after that it was wonderful. I had not been able to see with such ease for years."

Mrs. Press was so delighted that she recommended that three of her friends should get contact lenses. They did. They disliked them so much during the first few days that not one of the three uses them now.

A recent initiate, Mrs. Mary Wilson, of Hurstmonceaux, found that raising her eyes to look straight at people was difficult at first, especially in bright lights. "But before the end of the

second week I wore my lenses for six hours at our silver wedding party. It was a joy to feel I looked my best in a way that had so long been impossible."

According to the head of one contact lens clinic, most of the people who consult him are women. "Men tend to regard their spectacles as an impressive appendage, suggestive of intelligence and reliability," he says.

"On the other hand, women who wear spectacles frequently feel at a disadvantage socially. Contact lenses are invisible. They restore confidence."

Social confidence has been the main theme in the sale of contact lenses to date. It is a powerful one. When Margaret Veasey, of Cheam, a pretty, personable girl who works as a secretary, was offered a holiday abroad by her parents as a twenty-first birthday present, she asked for a pair of contact lenses instead.

Margaret says: "I loved the idea of the holiday. But it was more important not to have to wear glasses any longer."

Margaret's contact lenses cost her parents just over £40—about the standard price for both the corneal type and the larger haptic lenses in which the optical part is held in place over the cornea by a surrounding skirt which sits on the white of the eyes.

In most cases, £40 covers the cost of

the lenses, the fittings, and any further consultations for a year.

The latest development in corneal lenses has made them useful to thousands of people who wear bifocal spectacles. These people need two corrections, and in spectacles they are placed in the upper and lower portions of the glass.

But corneal lenses rotate on the eye and, until recently, bifocal contacts were considered an impossibility.

Then an American researcher hit on the idea of grinding the distance-vision correction into the centre of the lens, and the close-up correction into an outer ring. For reading, the wearer simply lowers his eyes, the lenses follow and, on meeting the lower lid, are shifted slightly upwards on the cornea so that the outer ring comes into use.

Teenagers, too

When the wearer looks up again, the reverse process occurs and the lenses centre themselves. Bifocal corneal lenses cost about £65 in this country.

Many teenagers and children prefer wearing contact lenses to spectacles. The size of the eye as a unit stops changing soon after the age of five, so lenses do not have to be altered frequently to keep pace with the wearer's growth. Some eye specialists believe that contacts may slow down, or even halt, progressive myopia (near-sightedness) in children.

A current American experiment on one thousand patients, each with steadily increasing myopia before being fitted with contacts, has so far shown no further progression at the end of two years.

Some physicians who once opposed contacts for children and adolescents now favour them when they are desired for reasons of appearance. There is growing recognition of the importance to young people of social acceptance in their teens.

Although it is known that the majority of wearers have indoor occupations, contact lenses also benefit footballers, athletes, horsemen and others with particularly active recreations or jobs. The lenses afford some protection against grit and flying particles, and are not obscured by moisture or mud.

Tinted lenses can be bought either for use as "sunglasses" or to "change" the colour of the eyes. At least one wealthy client of a London contact lens clinic has several pairs in different tints so that her eyes can match the colours of her clothes.

One of the most unusual requests received at the clinic came from Laurence Harvey, who wanted a pair of contact lenses to wear in the film, *Storm Over The Nile*. Harvey wanted the lenses opaque.

His eyesight is perfectly good. The contacts were used to give reality to his performance as a blind man. THE END

maybe we're ragged and funny—"

"Two and a half minutes we've had, and you know it, you dirty twister."

"Four minutes you've had already," said Benny. "You wanna remember other people have to make a living. Ho! Through all kinds of weaver, don't care if the skies may fall."

"Four minutes! You ruddy liar. You wait till I get out of these rings."

Cobbie spun out of his shackles and clipped Benny a nice left uppercut just as he was coming out of a back somersault. As Benny squared up a policeman came running across the road and we all scarpered down Catherine Street.

"I'll get you for this, Carson," Benny yelled. "Just you wait. . . ."

After a month, I was a real kerb-side

trouper and had paid off the last quid to Toddy. I took Cobbie into a pub before our evening chore to celebrate my freedom in brown ale. There were luscious pork pies stacked up on the bar and I couldn't resist eating three of them.

"Look, Cobbie," I said. "I've done pretty well everything in the act now. What about letting me have a go at the rings?"

He wouldn't, at first, but after a couple more brown ales he came round and agreed that I should have one go at the rings, and one only, outside the Alhambra in the Charing Cross Road that night.

"You're taller than I am, but you ain't no thicker through. And I can

always unlock you if you look like killing your perishing self."

I don't know if you remember the old Alhambra in Charing Cross Road. It stood roughly facing the Garrick. The buskers' meeting-point was the long traffic-island in the middle of the road.

WHEN we came out of the pub, the rain had stopped, but the pavements were still wet, reflecting the golden lamplight and coloured signs. As we came down Charing Cross Road, Benny came up it and we set foot upon either end of the island together.

"All right," said Benny. "We was here first. I'll take next turn on, Carson."

"Like hell you will, Tablet. It's up

by the railings here that counts. We was here first by a mile."

They argued for a bit but neither would give way and Benny, threatening darkly, retired down to the taxi end of the island.

"Watch him," said Cobbie. "He's up to something."

The Two Grandads were working in the gutter outside the Alhambra, one wailing away on the harmonium, the other head down and with his legs going like musical scissors, and "Land Of Hope And Glory" moaning out.

We reckoned they still had a minute to run when Benny and his partner ran across the road, pitched their mat in front of them, and went into their act.

"Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of

Through the hoop

continued from previous page

the Free. . . . Oi! Tablet. What d'you think you're getting up to?" cried Grandad Legs.

"You've had your time. And more, too," barked Benny. "So beat it, you flaming old dummies. Ho! We ain't got a barrel of money, maybe we're ragged and funny. . . . Hup!"

Cobbie pushed the rings at me. "Quick!" he said, "Get into these. He's jumping the pitch. . . . reckons if he gets going before the Grandads finish, we'll never be able to get in!"

We hared over the road and set up stall just along the gutter from Benny. Cobbie padlocked the six rings around my waist. I had to suck in like a pump to get them shut.

Then Cobbie started up. "Many of you, ladies and gentlemen, will have seen me here before with my poor sick brother. I have now, in his place, my own son, forced to give up his studies at Oxford. . . . You don't get off my pitch, Tablet, inside a minute, then I'm going to have your guts for garters. . . ."

Now Grandad Harmonium was getting really mad. He gave it all he'd got. "Gawd who ma-aade thee mi-iighty, make thee mightier yet. . . . Ho! Gawd who made thee mi-iighty. . . . We'll have the law on you two, that's what we'll do. . . ."

Grandad Legs came down to earth, stayed on hands and knees and crawled towards the tap-mat.

By now I'd got a ring round my chest, arms pinioned inside, another about my thighs and two smaller ones round my legs.

"Risking his life, this boy, for your amusement, ladies and gentlemen," Cobbie shouted. "I warned you, Tablet, I give you fair warning."

"You come near me and I'll plaster

your ear-holes back of your eyeballs. Allez-Oop! Oh! We ain't got a barrel of money, maybe we're ragged and funny. . . ."

Benny went up in a handstand on his partner's shoulders. "I'm coming for you, Tablet." Cobbie could contain himself no longer.

"Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the Free. . . ." bellowed Grandad Harmonium. "Give it to him, Joe!" And at the word from his partner, Legs yanked the mat away from under the acrobats. Benny came toppling down to land feet-first on the harmonium, which gave a dying scream and collapsed as he bounced down to the gutter and into the fists of the charging Cobbie. Benny staggered, then came in flailing like a windmill and sent Cobbie stumbling against me.

I was rigid and powerless inside the rings and went down like a chimney-stack. The rings took the wallop, holding me like a stiffened cylinder well clear of the ground.

Then Benny slung a kick at me and

NEXT WEEK'S STORIES

Miss Hanney's Heritage

by PHYLLIS BENTLEY

Magic and Kathie McGraw

by PATRICK RYAN

I went rolling like an elongated barrel, down the kerb and out across the road. I gathered speed down the slope towards the Garrick, bounced in the air as the centre ring hit a bump, came down with a clang and stopped dead in mid-roll as a couple of rings jammed down the slots of a drain-hole.

"Help!" I yelled from the middle of the road. "Help! Cobbie! Unlock me! Let me out!"

Cobbie was wrestling on the ground with Benny, and the Two Grandads were bashing them with pieces of harmonium. Whistles blew, commissioners came running. Then two policemen appeared and dived into the ruck. They came out bearing Cobbie and Benny in arm-locks and marched them smartly away up the road.

"Hey!" I yelled. "Bring him back. He's got my key."

But they marched away out of sight and I was left there, friendless. People came over from the queues and traffic piled up in both directions.

A policeman surveyed me. "Now get up out of there, lad. Or I'll have you inside, as well," he said.

"I can't. I'm stuck."

The copper prised around. "You're right, my lad. One of those padlocks is twisted between the bars and fast as a rock. Why don't you wriggle out. That's what you're supposed to do, ain't you?"

I don't know if it was the pork pies and bottled beer blowing me out, or the excitement warming me up, but those rings were stuck tight as Dooley's drum. And the more I wriggled and squirmed, the tighter they got.

The crowd was now solid across the road.

"It's no good," said the copper. "You'll do yourself an injury. Where's the key?"

"My mate's got it. The little one you marched off up to Vine Street. You'll have to send up and get it."

"Not likely. We've got to move you

out of the road first. Half the West End'll be jammed solid soon."

"Have it your way. But you'll need the key in the end, master-mind."

"Don't give me any of your lip. I've got you for obstruction as it is."

I gave him some more lip and he took a real dislike to me, did that copper. He got a crowbar and more coppers, and levered the drain-cover open, turning me face down on the tarmac as it came up. Then they bashed away till the padlock came out and I shot forward over the feet of the nearest people.

"Can you get out now?" asked the copper.

"No, I can't," I said obstinately. "You'll have to send to Vine Street for the key."

"All in good time," he grinned. "But first, we'll have to get you somewhere quiet. And that'll be simple, because you've got yourself all done up for easy transportation. Roll him, boys!"

And the cads rolled me along on my rings! Over and over I went like a barrel of beer; down the hill past the Garrick, a crowd like a Cup Final following, head spinning, ears ringing, dizzy as all hell, until, mercifully, they steered me at last into the entrance of a garage.

There they stood me up on my feet and I swayed about like a mobile Tower of Pisa. They couldn't find the key up at Vine Street and the mechanics had to cut the rings off with hacksaws.

The copper turned me loose in Trafalgar Square and, somehow, I found my way to a bus and back to the safety of the Old Kent Road. That gyroscopic experience was deeply distressing and I never went back to the busking lark again.

So, if ever you're in a theatre queue and you see a character do e up in chains and lying on the cobbles with his bonce in a mailbag, you can be sure of one thing.

It won't be me.

THE END

© Patrick Ryan, 1959



Minibrix-building is fun at every age!

Toddlers and teenagers both have a fascinating hobby that'll keep them happy for hours on end. Minibrix-building. You'll be fascinated too, as you watch a succession of models take shape under their fingers.

There's a Minibrix set for every age-group, from the STARTER set for the really young to the elaborate DE LUXE for the older child. Illustrated, easy-to-follow plans are enclosed with each set. When they've made all the models shown, they'll enjoy creating some of their own.

Parents, Uncles and Aunts please note: Minibrix all-rubber interlocking bricks are safe, hygienic—and unbreakable.

You can start them Minibrix-building for as little as 20/-.

20/- buys the STARTER set or the RAINBOW, a coloured version of the STARTER. Other sets in the range are the PREMIER (30/-), the SUPER (55/-) and the famous DE LUXE, at 90/-. See Minibrix at your local toyshop.

ACCESSORY SETS
Accessory Set No. 1. (27/6) converts the PREMIER into the SUPER Set.
No. 2. (37/6) converts from SUPER to DE LUXE

MINIBRIX

REGD. TRADE MARK

THE FAMOUS ALL-RUBBER INTERLOCKING UNBREAKABLE BUILDING BRICKS

The Toy that grows with them

MINIBRIX LIMITED · PETERSFIELD · HANTS

How Monty lived his days of glory

Mobbed by workers, cheered by football crowds more loudly than the King . . . Monty was Britain's hero—but only his A.D.C.s knew what he thought of it all

In the early hours of Christmas Eve, 1943, during the Italian campaign, the liaison officer on night duty at General Montgomery's headquarters broke a strict rule by going into Monty's caravan and waking him from his sacred sleep. Normally, there would have been an angry reaction, but Monty was this time said to be "as delighted as a small boy who had found the one thing he wanted most in the world in the toe of his Christmas stocking."

For the liaison officer had brought a War Office signal requesting the general to return to Britain, to take over General Paget's command of the 21st Army Group—the British armies preparing for the invasion of France.

Six days later Monty left Italy—and the Eighth Army—behind him and flew to Marrakesh, where Winston Churchill was recuperating from pneumonia, to hear from the Prime Minister himself the terms of his new command.

With Monty went his Intelligence chief, Bill Williams, and the rest of his exclusive retinue of A.D.C.s—his "young men"—who saw more of Monty and more of the war than anyone else: the dashing, rather reckless John Poston, the witty Johnny Henderson, now a stockbroker, and Noel Chavasse, keen and efficient.

Won plane as bet

They and Bill English, the general's personal servant, and Don Tripp, the mess caterer, and his chief staff officers, all crammed into the Dakota that Monty had won as a bet from the Americans for advancing to Stax five days ahead of schedule.

Mrs. Churchill and Sarah Churchill were at Marrakesh, looking after the Prime Minister. On New Year's Eve they gave a dinner party, but Monty was not attracted to the idea of ushering in 1944. He went off to bed at his usual time, but not, for once, to sleep. When the A.D.C.s went to bed themselves, hours later, they saw his lights on. Monty was poring over the outline plans for the coming invasion that Churchill had tossed across to him for an opinion.

The A.D.C.s were late to bed because, after the ladies had retired, Churchill, the invalid, had kept them up while he recited to them long passages, "rich in sonorous ambiguity," from Maeterlinck's *Life Of The Bee*.

For years the sex life of the bee was a recurring theme in discussions in Monty's personal mess. This interest arose because of a phrase, "rushing about like a bee on heat," that took the place of Monty's favourite description

of a panicking staff officer. "dashing about like a wet hen."

The discussion, and the bets, at one stage reached such an intensity that Monty wrote off personally, for reasons best known to himself, to the Speaker of the House of Commons for a ruling upon the sexual activities, if any, of the drone bee. . . .

Although extra petrol tanks had been fitted to Monty's Dakota, General Eisenhower refused to let him risk the journey from Marrakesh to England. So the American pilot, Eddie Russell, flew the plane back packed tight with oranges to be given to the A.D.C.s'

mothers, and to various boys' homes, orphanages and schools in which Monty was interested.

Montgomery had no home in England. Until he bought Isington Mill, in Hampshire, after the war, his base was the school in Hindhead, Surrey, run by his friends the Reynolds, where his son David had been a pupil.

To Monty's young A.D.C.s, a school did not seem to be the best of places to spend a leave after months of active service.

But the general loved it. He was quite happy to spend hours among the preparatory schoolboys ("Did you kill

many Germans, sir?" "Sir, were there lots of camels in the desert?"), eating rice pudding with them, sitting at the head of one of the long tables amid their lively chatter and clatter in the dining hall. He preferred it there to the more formal atmosphere of Claridges; only mumps in the school could keep him away.

Planning headquarters for D-Day were in another school, St. Paul's Hammersmith, where Monty himself had been a pupil. Understandably, the place brought back many memories of his own schooldays. He frankly admitted to his A.D.C.s that he was no good



General Montgomery at the moment of victory . . . receiving the German Army's surrender at Luneburg Heath

Montgomery explains his battle plans to Charles Sweeny, an A.D.C. Following Sweeny's death he wrote: "A delightful boy . . . I loved him dearly"



John Poston and John Henderson, two of Monty's A.D.C.s, mark up the general's battle maps. Henderson is now a stockbroker; Poston was killed in the last few weeks of the war in Europe

Monty rides the white stallion which once belonged to his old enemy, Rommel. It was heavily scarred where it had been hit by bomb fragments. Monty looked an "uneasy" rider, said an A.D.C.

How Monty lived his days of glory

continued from previous page

at all at Latin. "I was a mathematician—quite a good one, actually."

But the records are not quite so optimistic. In 1905, when he was eighteen, Monty was shown to be bottom of a class of sixteen in maths; bottom, too, in classics and French. But as one might expect from the son of a bishop, he was a little more successful in divinity, coming tenth out of sixteen.

While Monty was in London, he decided to have his portrait painted by Augustus John. This meant that the A.D.C.s had to do shifts, in John's studio, sitting as lay figures, wearing "Master's" beret and battledress.

Montgomery liked the portrait less and less as it progressed. It was a shrewd instinct that prompted Monty to send for Bernard Shaw during the sittings. In his memoirs the Field Marshal says Shaw "looked in at the studio for a chat with Augustus John." Both John and Chavasse, however, agree that Shaw came at Monty's request. Monty's Rolls was sent to Hertfordshire, with Chavasse, to bring Shaw to Chelsea.

On the journey, Chavasse asked Shaw why he had always worn a beard. "I used to watch my father shaving," Shaw said. "He always cut himself most abominably and wasted about a quarter of an hour each day. I decided there and then, when I was a boy, that I would have a beard."

Shaw, too, criticized the portrait. In a few words he painted the best verbal sketch that exists of Montgomery. "An intensely compact hank of steel wire," he called Monty. "Paint him leaning

forward with his knees bent back gripping the edge of his camp stool and his expression one of piercing scrutiny, the eyes unforgettable. . . . What a nose! And what eyes!"

In the end, Montgomery did not accept the portrait, and it was bought by the University of Glasgow.

Montgomery spent as little time as possible in London; he was never happy living at a big headquarters, where he was only too liable to become involved with paper work and details.

It was over details that Montgomery had his biggest row with Winston Churchill. "Unlike Monty," says Noel Chavasse, "Churchill would always get himself involved in detail. Somehow, the Prime Minister got hold of a detailed section of the D-Day plans, some quite dreary but essential stuff about vehicle build-up on the beaches. He had done, or had done for him, lots of little sums about the area taken up by a fifteen hundredweight truck. The beach area was only so-and-so.

No room for trucks

"He felt the planning was wrong; there just wasn't room on the beach for that number of trucks. Churchill was also concerned about the early landing of things like dentists' chairs. He seemed to be haunted by visions of men with bayonets going up the beach; that's what he wanted to see; he thought far too many things—and not enough fighting men—were going to be put on shore.

"Churchill went on and on; he would

not let go. This developed into a first-rate row. The Prime Minister wanted the planners responsible for this particular bit of planning to be brought before him forthwith. Monty refused. He said he trusted his staff; it was their job to look after details; he was quite incapable of explaining this particular bit of planning which he had never even looked at, and did not propose to do, either. Monty threatened to resign if Churchill insisted on cross-questioning his staff, and Churchill wept when he could not get his own way.

"However, when Churchill emerged he was all smiles, though he was licked. It was then he made the often-quoted remark to the assembled staff: 'I am not allowed to have any discussion with you gentlemen'—and he never did."

Monty always preferred to be as far away as possible from his trusted planners. His Tac H.Q. became his special train with his own private station at Addison Road. His time was largely spent in seeing, and making sure he was seen by, every unit that was soon to fight under his command in Europe.

Monty also considered it his duty to visit war workers. At the factories his welcome, particularly from the women, was warm, often boisterous. At first his A.D.C.s did everything they could to see that he was not mobbed by scores of wildly enthusiastic girls who jumped on his car's running-boards, patted him on the back and even tried to kiss him. But when they saw how much he was enjoying it all his A.D.C.s stopped worrying.

It is easy to forget, and hard for

younger people to realize, Monty's tremendous popularity between Alamein and D-Day.

Sometimes the adulation was embarrassing. Once he went to a football match that was attended also by King George VI. Before play began the King went on the field for the two teams to be presented to him—but the crowd yelled for Monty. Monty had been told to let the King get away first after the match. Either the King was a bit slow, or Monty a bit quick; but what happened was that the King was held up by the huge crowds mobbing Monty's car.

Hard-headed Monty

Monty enjoyed every minute of it. His enemies—and he had plenty—called him a vain little exhibitionist.

Padre Frederick Hughes, his chaplain for so long, takes a different view: "In the bad sense of the word, he was not a showman. In the good sense, yes. He enjoyed every minute of it but what he was enjoying was exercising his own powers, influencing great masses of people for a cause he believed most sincerely to be good. It is a joy popular preachers know. Monty always had everything in proportion; he was very hard-headed about it all, not really swelled-headed.

"'A general is meant to win battles,' he used to say. And if he does so with the minimum loss of life he will have the complete confidence of his soldiers and also of the public in the home country. But once a general begins to lose his battles he must expect to be replaced in command. It is of no avail to plead bad luck, or inefficient subordinates, or bad weather, or that events were too much for him.

"If he succeeds he gets the credit and the honour. If he fails he probably



The Reverend Frederick Hughes, Montgomery's padre. The general, says Hughes, was not really swelled-headed—just hard-headed



gets another chance. If he continues to fail, he goes. This may be hard but it is what happens in life.

"As a general," says Padre Hughes, "you either get a bowler hat or a big hand. Very understandably, it is much more fun to get the big hand."

Montgomery's landing upon the coast of Normandy on D-Day plus 2, June 8, 1944, was not without incident. Most of Tac H.Q. had gone over on D-Day; Monty and one A.D.C. crossed the Channel on board H.M.S. Faulknor.

It is well known that Faulknor went aground. Chavasse had to come out in a landing-craft to bring "Master" ashore.

The first night the "family" of A.D.C.s were together again in the field was an uncomfortable one; German snipers were very active.

They had been in Normandy for only four days when Monty, Winston Churchill and General Smuts might all have been shot up together.

Tac Headquarters was then located in the gardens of the château at Creully, a small village a few miles east of Bayeux. As usual, Monty had kept out of the big house but he had pitched his caravans on the lawn among the shrubberies.

Washing his hands before lunch, General Smuts suddenly sniffed the air and, turning to Chavasse, said: "I don't like it. There's a German about!"

The A.D.C. said it was most unlikely; the Defence Company always combed the place thoroughly and, with the Prime Minister and General Smuts as guests, they were even more than usual right on their toes.

But General Smuts was uneasy. "I don't like it," he said again. "I can always smell a German."

He was right. Not long afterwards two Germans were found. Luckily, they were very young soldiers who were

more scared than dangerous. They were dug in, almost buried, among the shrubs, not a hundred yards away from Churchill, Smuts and Montgomery. They could, quite easily, have killed all three of them.

These visits by the Prime Minister to Tac H.Q. did much to sustain Montgomery when the "anti-Monty" campaign began.

Throughout the war in Europe Montgomery was always in trouble at home, with the Americans, press and politicians. Happily, Monty thrived on rows. There was an impish, boyish streak in him that took a keen delight in putting the cat among the pigeons.

"They are always very good cats, selected cats," he would say twinkling.

Monty always knew his enemy backwards, says Padre Hughes. "At one period after D-Day, it was not absolutely certain who was commanding the enemy on the Normandy coast. But the moment Monty received the reports of the German reaction to our lands he said, 'Runstedt is handling this business,' made adjustments accordingly—and he was right."

Rommel's stallion

One of Monty's regrets is that he was never to have the talk with Rommel that he longed for. Instead, Rommel's splendid white arab charger—which its owner was to have ridden in triumph into Alexandria—found its way into Monty's hands, as a gift.

"This horse," says an A.D.C., "was quite heavily pock-marked with bomb fragments on its neck, chest and quarters. At some time or other the R.A.F. must have been bang on their target."

"Monty came out of his caravan and stood, hands on hips, looking rather

dubiously at the horse for some time. He did not seem to be at all keen to get up on Rommel's charger, but he realized we were all watching. Taut and a bit uneasy, looking about as happy as a beginner on a high-powered motor-bike, Monty did a few turns up and down the field and then handed the horse over to a groom. I felt it was a good thing that triumphant British generals were not expected to ride into captured cities on arab stallions."

The Prime Minister and Montgomery were two of a kind. At home, politically, Monty was a great nuisance to Churchill; in the field, Churchill could be very troublesome to Monty. But they liked and understood one another.

Churchill was determined not to miss the crossing of the Rhine, though Monty ordered Noel Chavasse, an A.D.C., to "get rid of him, keep him good and don't bring him back until tea-time—but see you bring him back alive."

Chavasse knew that Churchill liked tanks and enjoyed dressing up. So a tank was prepared and Churchill clambered into overalls and put on goggles. He enjoyed this for a bit, riding about, sticking out of the top of the tank, giving the "V" sign to any troops he met. But this enjoyment did not last long; by lunch-time he was bored and moody, and a picnic lunch and plenty of brandy did not improve matters. Then Churchill announced that he was going to cross the Rhine; despite the fact that Chavasse had been told that he was on no account to do so.

"I am giving you a direct order," said Churchill.

The situation was now too much for a major to manage; the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Brooke, was called in quickly. He decided that the Prime Minister should see some soldiers

going into battle. The party went forward to 3 Division, but General Whistler, its commander, was not too pleased to see the Prime Minister at such a moment. Churchill made a short, splendid and rousing speech to the men. Having seen some action, he was in splendid form again and the party could go back to Tac H.Q. for tea.

There were more passages from Maeterlinck's *Life Of The Bee* recited in the little mess that night. . . .

A divine purpose?

A visit from King George VI caused far less trouble. The King was established in the V.I.P. caravan with everything he was thought likely to need. Through his personal servant, he made only one request; for a full-length mirror. John Poston was immediately dispatched to remove one from a wardrobe door.

The crossing of the Rhine and the movement of the war on to German soil was more than a military problem for Montgomery, who was a man of strong religious beliefs. The first question he always asked himself, says Padre Hughes, was, "What purpose of God's does my army fulfil?" He knew he would fail if he felt he and his armies were not fulfilling a divine purpose.

Montgomery went through great spiritual turmoil as his armies approached Germany. Up to that point everything had been simple; he was the Lord's Executioner, righting wrong, driving an invader back to where he came from. But how Christian was it to take the war on to an invader's own soil, to punish him and knock him out?

Montgomery was so exercised over

continued on page 37

HOME IS WHERE WE'RE GOING

by LOUIS L'AMOUR

It's tough being a man
when you're twelve years
old. But nobody insults
my ma when I'm around...

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

WE buried Pa on a hill out west of camp, buried him high up so his ghost could look down the trail he'd planned to travel. We piked the grave high with rocks because of the coyotes, and we dug the grave deep, and some of it I dug myself, and Mr. Sampson helped, and some others.

Folks in the wagon train figured Ma would turn back, but they hadn't known Ma so long as I had. Once she set her mind to something she wasn't about to quit.

She was a young woman and pretty, but there was strength in her. She was a lone woman with two children, but she was of no mind to turn back. She'd come through the Little Crow massacre and she knew what trouble was. Yet it was like her that she put it up to me.

"Bud," she said, when we were alone, "we can turn back, but we've nobody there who cares about us, and it's of you and Jeanie that I'm thinking. If we go west, you will have to be the man of the house, and you'll have to work hard to make up for Pa."

"We'll go west," I said. Though I knew that, if we went back, it wouldn't be alone. Four or five wagons were turning back, folks with their tails betwixt their legs running for the shelter of towns where their own littleness wouldn't stand out so plain. When a man crossed the Mississippi and left the settlements behind, something happened to him. The prairie and sky had a way of trimming folks down to size.

Or it changed them to giants to whom nothing seemed impossible. There was John Sampson from our town. He was a man used to being told to do things, used to looking up to wealth and power, but when he crossed the Mississippi he began to lift his head and look around. He squared his shoulders, and began to make his own tracks in the land.

Pa was always strong, an independent man given to reading at night from one of the four or five books we had, to speaking up on matters of principle and to straight shooting with a rifle. Pa had fought the Comanche and lived with the Sioux, but he wasn't strong enough to last more than two days with a Kiowa arrow through his lung. Though he died knowing Ma had stood by the rear wheel and shot the Kiowa whose arrow it was.

Right then I knew that neither the Indians nor the country was going to get the better of Ma. Shooting that Kiowa was the first time she had shot anything but some chicken-killing varmint, which she'd done from time to time when Pa was away from home.

Only she wouldn't let Jeanie and me call it home. "We came here from Illinois," she said, "but we're going home now."

"But Ma," I protested, "I thought home was where we came from?"

"Home is where we're going now," Ma said, "and we'll know it when we find it. Now that Pa is gone we'll have to build that home ourselves."

Mr. Buchanan, who was captain of the wagon train, came to us with Tryon Burt, who was our guide. "We'll help you," Mr. Buchanan said. "I know you'll be wanting to go back, and—"

"But we are not going back," Ma smiled at them. "And don't be afraid we'll be a burden. I know you have troubles of your own, and we will manage very well."

Mr. Buchanan looked uncomfortable, like he was trying to think of the right thing to say. "Now, see here," he protested, "we started this trip with a rule. There has to be a man with every wagon."

Ma put her hand on my shoulder. "I have my man. Bud is almost thirteen and accepts responsibility. I could ask for no better man."

Mr. Buchanan still didn't like it. "I'd like to say you could come," he said, "but the boy couldn't stand up to a man's work."

Ma smiled at him, chin up, the way

she had. "I do not believe in gambling, Mr. Buchanan, but I'll wager a good Ballard rifle there isn't a man in camp who could follow a child all day, running when it runs, squatting when it squats, bending when it bends and wrestling when it wrestles, and not be played out long before the child is."

"You may be right, ma'am, but a rule is a rule."

"We are in Indian country, Mr. Buchanan. If you are killed a week from now, I suppose your wife must return to the States?"

"That's different! Nobody could turn back from there!"

"Then," Ma said sweetly, "it seems a rule is only a rule within certain limits; and, if I recall correctly, no such limit was designated in the articles of travel. Whatever limits there were, Mr. Buchanan, must have been passed sometime before the Indian attack that killed my husband."

"I can drive the wagon, and so can Ma," I said. "For the past two days I've been driving, and nobody said anything until Pa died."

MR. BUCHANAN didn't know what to say. And then Tryon Burt spoke up. "Let the boy drive. I've watched this youngster, and he'll do. He has better judgment than most men in the outfit, and he stands up to his work. If need be, I'll help."

Mr. Buchanan turned around and walked off with his back stiff the way it is when he's mad. Ma looked at Burt, and she said: "Thank you, Mr. Burt. That was nice of you."

Try Burt, he got all red around the gills and took off like somebody had put a burr under his saddle.

Come morning, our wagon was the second one ready to take its place in line, with both horses saddled and tied behind the wagon, and me standing beside the off ox.

Any direction a man wanted to look, there was nothing but grass and sky, only sometimes there'd be a buffalo wallow or a gopher hole. We made eleven miles the first day after Pa was buried, sixteen the next, then nineteen, thirteen and twenty-one. At no time did the country change.

On the sixth day after Pa died, I killed a buffalo. It was a young bull, but a big one, and I spotted him coming up out of a draw and was off my horse and belied down in the grass before Try Burt realized there was game in sight.

That bull came up from the draw and stopped there, staring at the wagon train, which was a half-mile off. Setting a sight behind his left shoulder I took a long breath, took in the trigger slack, then squeezed off my shot so gentle-like the gun jumped in my hands before I was ready for it. The bull took a step back like something had surprised him, and I jacked another shell into the chamber and was sighting on him again when he went down on his knees and rolled over on his side.

"You got him, Bud!" Burt was more excited than me. "That was shootin'!"

Try got down and showed me how to skin the bull, and lent me a hand. Then we cut out a lot of fresh meat and toted it back to the wagons.

Ma was at the fire when we came up, a wisp of fair hair alongside her cheek and her face flushed from the heat of the fire, looking as pretty as a bay pony.

"Bud killed his first buffalo," Burt told her, looking at Ma like he could eat her with a spoon.

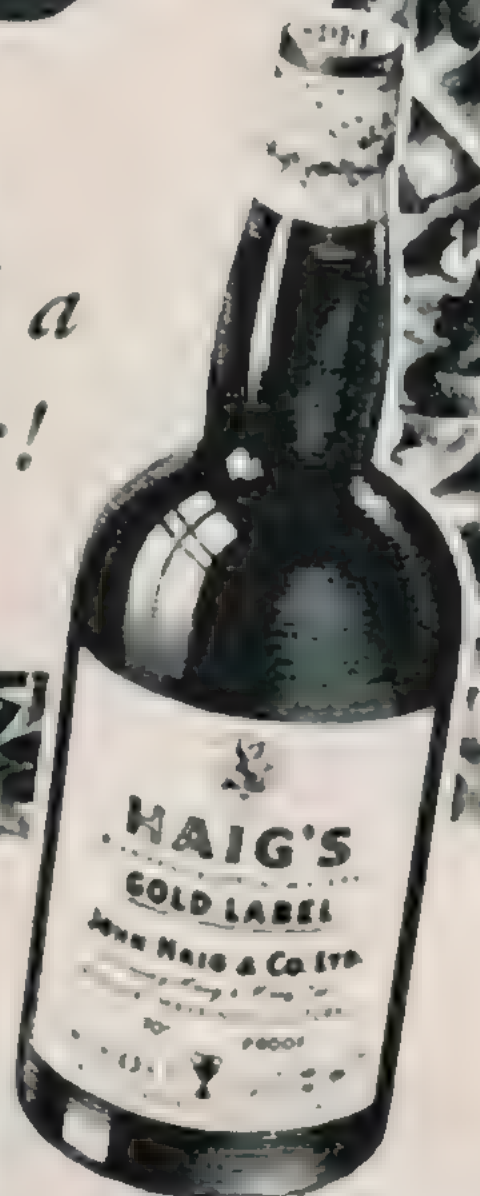
"Why, Bud! That's wonderful!" Her eyes started to dance with a kind of mischief in them, and she said: "Bud, why don't you take a piece of that meat

I jacked in a shell and said to Buchanan: "I may be little and I may be a fool, but this here rifle doesn't care who pulls the trigger"



Haig in every Home

*Wishing you a
Merry Christmas and a
prosperous New Year!*



**Don't be vague
Ask for Haig**

NOW FREELY AVAILABLE!

*A fitting tribute
to fashion*

P8980

For the broader foot

Styled for true comfort with generous joint and close fitting heel this fashionable shoe is available in Black, Mushroom or Navy Blue kid. Paraflex sole. 62 Shape. In sizes and half sizes 2-9. Price 67.9



Prices range
from
65/9 to 77/9

Portland
The Fashion
BROADFIT

Write for the new Autumn and Winter Styles booklet
and name of your nearest Appointed Agent to:
PORTLAND SHOES LTD. (DEPT. 52) LEICESTER

NAME

ADDRESS

Use 2d. stamp on unsealed envelope.

Home is where we're going

continued from page 20

along to Mr. Buchanan and the others?"

With Burt to help, we distributed it around the wagons. It wasn't much, but it was the first fresh meat in a couple of weeks.

John Sampson squeezed my shoulder and said: "Seems to me you and your ma are folks to travel with. This outfit needs some hunters."

After supper the menfolk gathered to talk plans. The season was late, and we weren't making the time we ought if we hoped to beat the snow through the passes of the Sierras.

Several spoke up now for turning back, but Mr. Buchanan said he knew of an outfit that made it through later than this.

One thing was sure. Our wagon wasn't turning back. "We're going on," I said. "We don't figure to turn back for anything."

A man named Webb gave me a glance full of contempt. "You'll go where the rest of us go. You an' your ma would play hob gettin' by on your own."

Next day it rained, dawn to dark it fairly poured, and we were lucky to make six miles. Day after that, with the wagon wheels sinking into the prairie and the rain still falling, we made only two.

Nobody talked much around the fires, and what was said was apt to be short and irritable. Most of these folks had put all they owned into the outfits they had and, if they turned back now, they'd have nothing to live on.

"It doesn't have to be California," Ma said once. "What most of us want is land, not gold."

"This here is Indian country," John Sampson said, "and a sight too open for me. I'd like a valley in the hills, with running water close by."

"There will be valleys and meadows," Ma replied, stirring the stew she was making, "and tall trees near running streams, and tall grass growing in the meadows, and there will be game in the forest and on the grassy plains, and places for homes."

"And where will we find all that?" Webb's tone was slighting.

"West," Ma said, "over against the mountains."

"I suppose you've been there?" Webb scoffed.

"No, Mr. Webb, I haven't been there, but I've been told of it. The land is there, and we will have some of it, my children and I, and we will stay through the winter, and in the spring we will plant our crops."

"Easy to say."

"This is Sioux country to the north," Burt said. "We'll be lucky to get

through without a fight. There was a war party of thirty or thirty-five passed this way a couple of days ago."

"Sioux?"

"Uh-huh—no women or children along, and I found where some war paint rubbed off on the brush."

"Maybe," Mr. Buchanan suggested, "we'd better turn south a mite."

"It is late in the season," Ma replied, "and the straightest way is best now."

"No use to worry," a man named White interrupted, "those Indians went on by. They won't likely know we're around."

"They were riding south-east," Ma said, "and their home is in the north, so when they return they'll be riding north-west. There is no way they can miss our trail."

"Then we'd best turn back," White said.

"Don't look like we'd make it this season, anyway," a woman said.

That started an argument, and some were for turning back and some wanted to push on, and finally White said they should push on, but travel fast.

"Fast?" Webb asked disparagingly. "An Indian can ride in one day the distance we'd travel in four."

That started the wrangling again, and the group broke up and returned to their own fires with nothing settled; only at the end Mr. Buchanan looked to Burt. "Do you know the Sioux?"

"Only the Utes and Shoshonis, and I spent a winter on the Snake with the Nez Percés, one time, but I've had no truck with the Sioux. They tell me they're bad medicine. Fightin' men from way back and they don't cotton to white folks in their country."

After Mr. Buchanan had gone, Tryon Burt accepted a plate and cup from Ma and settled down to eating. After a while he looked up at her and said: "Beggin' your pardon, ma'am, but it struck me you knew a sight about trackin' for an Eastern woman. You figured it right that those Sioux would pick up our trail on the way back."

She smiled at him. "It was simply an observation, Mr. Burt. I believe anyone would realize it. I simply put it into words."

Burt went on eating, but he was mighty thoughtful, and it didn't seem to me he was satisfied with Ma's answer.

Ma said finally: "It seems to be raining west of here. Isn't it likely to be snowing in the mountains?"

Burt looked up uneasily. "Not necessarily so, ma'am. It could be raining here and not snowing there, but I'd say there was a chance of snow." He got up and came around the fire to the

continued on page 29

Starke's Guide To Winter Warmth



"When you are having a large delivery of coals remember that it is not altogether easy for the coalman to keep check that the correct number of sacks is delivered. Assistance should be willingly rendered"

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME

There are bargains in junk

says ROGER SMITHELLS



I found it standing on the pavement outside a dusty junk shop in North London—a Victorian walnut sideboard with one door adrift, too much fancywork and a lot of superfluous mirror. But it was beautifully made and going for 70s. With its superstructure and legs removed, door panels reversed and new handles, it makes a handsome piece (above). And the old back provides a much needed bedroom mirror (right) which is long enough to see yourself full length



It's out of date and nobody wants it, but it may be a sleeping beauty waiting for a transformation scene

I HAVE just provided myself with forty pounds' worth of furniture for under £5. I bought the pieces in junk shops and simplified and adapted them in my own workshop. Some of the results are illustrated here.

On the basis of this experiment it should be possible to furnish a three-bedroom house for less than £100. I would not choose to furnish a whole house with converted junk, but it is a practical way to fill gaps in a furnishing scheme when funds are low. Once you have developed a cunning eye for the hidden possibilities of clumsy or absurd-looking pieces you may achieve some first-class furniture at knockdown prices.

Today a small down payment will bring a vanload of sleek, contemporary furniture to your door, and the demand for junk has slumped. But most Victorian furniture was superbly made and may live much longer than some of today's mass-produced lines. The sale-rooms and junk shops of Britain are stacked with white elephants. Most of them are sixty to eighty years old. The materials and craftsmanship are admirable. But nowadays no one feels



MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME



2 tables for 10½

Junk dealers, like the junk they sell, come in all shapes and sizes. From this solid and genial character I bought a tall, slender inlaid mahogany fern stand, slightly damaged, for 10s. From the fern stand I made these two serviceable coffee tables. *Below, left:* The original inlaid top with shortened legs. *Right:* The shelf and gracefully curved bottom halves of the legs with a top added



Look
for
junk
like
this



Ugly pieces like these are easily modernized. The upper and lower sections of the cabinet can be separated without weakening either. The superstructure of the dressing-table can be removed and the mirrors simplified and replaced. It's surprising how elegant they will then look

New lease of life

Modern plumbing has put thousands of Victorian washstands out of work. The semicircular marble-topped example on the right was bought for 10s. at a local sale. Supported on heavy wrought iron brackets the marble top now makes the handsome console table shown below. With a flowered chintz skirt and a fabric-covered hardboard top, the rest of the washstand provides a pretty draped dressing-table for a small bedroom. Most junk shops have similar washstands among their stock



continued from previous page

inclined even to give them house room.

The trouble is that elephants are big and modern homes are small. Even if you take a monster wardrobe to pieces and coax it upstairs it will take up too much floor space and dwarf everything else in the room. A Victorian sideboard with its carvings, curlicues and profusion of brackets and mirrors will look absurd in a modern dining-room. That is why you can often pick one up for a song.

Other pieces are white elephants, not because of their size, but because they were designed for a purpose which no longer exists. In this category come washstands, butlers' trays, old-fashioned dressing-tables, commodes, bed steps and dumb waiters.

If you can think up ways of converting such pieces into smaller, more useful objects you are on to a very good thing. But conversion is not always as easy as it seems.

Make it simpler

There are two ways of tackling the job. You can simplify a piece by removing ornate beadings and embellishments, by replacing fussy handles, cutting down elaborate legs and removing ugly paint and varnish and restoring the charm of the natural wood. This kind of beauty treatment is well within the scope of most home-making enthusiasts.

The second method is more drastic and involves the splitting up of large, elaborate pieces into several smaller units. Before embarking on this type of operation you must understand how the furniture has been put together so that you can judge where it can be cut and what can be removed without weakening or damaging the structure. This method requires a lot of imagination and the skill of an experienced handyman. If you have the imagination but not the skill you might do well to enlist the help of a local carpenter or cabinet-maker. Junk furniture is now so cheap that it is possible to pay a professional to make the transformation and still get a good bargain.

When searching for suitable junk

don't be put off by mere hideousness. An ugly face can be beautified if the basic structure is sound and simple. Sometimes a change of surface treatment will make a world of difference. I once bought a jet black Victorian china cabinet which was smothered in elaborate carvings and ornamentation, much of which it was impossible to remove. We cut off the fussy superstructure, painted the whole thing in broken white and lined it with red velvet. This treatment gave the sombre piece a new and frivolous charm. The carvings and curlicues which had looked depressing when black, became as festive as sugar icing in their new coat of pinky-white.

Before picking a piece for conversion, satisfy yourself on two points: can the piece be simplified without leaving ugly scars which it will be difficult to hide? and is it made so that its component parts will stay structurally sound when they are separated? Many large pieces of Victorian furniture are made in sections for easy transport, but this is no guarantee that the sections can be used as separate units.

To find real bargains in junk, wander down neglected side streets and search among the dusty, crowded, dilapidated little second-hand shops where the display of goods spills out on to the pavement and nothing looks as though it could really be worth buying. Poke about among the useless oddments and the bric-a-brac and you may unearth abandoned pieces full of possibilities.

ROGER SMITHELLS WILL HELP YOU

with your home-making problems. Write to him at "John Bull: Everybody's Weekly," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for reply. Please send a rough drawing or diagram if this will help to make your problem clear



Design No. 1,0567. Red Acanthus Panel.



ASK TO SEE THE WIDE
RANGE OF 'SYNTILLA'
PATTERNS IN CARPETS,
STAIR CARPETS
AND RUGS

Now! you can afford Axminster carpets—in the most colourful range ever!

BMK 'SYNTILLA'

THESE WONDERFUL carpets truly are low cost luxury that lasts. They're Axminster, woven in glowing colours and glorious patterns by the famous Scottish carpet firm BMK. They're made in the traditional way with proper carpet backing, and they're brighter and more beautiful than Axminster ever was before.

BMK 'Syntilla' BMK have christened these new carpets 'Syntilla'. You can get them in seven sizes including 6ft. x 9ft., 7ft. 6ins. x 9ft. and 9ft. x 12ft. — at prices much lower than you'd expect to pay for Axminster of this quality. You can also get 'Syntilla' rugs and stair and corridor carpets at the same likeable sort of prices.

How can BMK make anything so good so cheaply? The answer's in the wonderful new kind of yarn they use in 'Syntilla'. Thanks to years of development and quantity production BMK can now weave it into these fine carpets at remarkably low cost.

Glowing colours! Because the new yarn used by BMK is pure white before dyeing, the colours in 'Syn-

tilla' show up with a brightness and clarity you've never seen in carpets before. There are lots of these beautiful colours in every 'Syntilla' pattern.

Glorious patterns! Plain colours or mottled effects are all very well, but the mark of fine carpets is the pattern. BMK 'Syntilla' Axminster carpets come in a wide range of glorious patterns, woven right through to the backing. They look wonderful and they have this advantage too: they don't show marks like plain carpets do.

Wonderful comfort Imagine the comfort, imagine the pride of having a richly-coloured, wonderfully patterned 'Syntilla' Axminster carpet in your house! And don't forget there are 'Syntilla' rugs and stair carpets to match. At the new low

BMK prices, it's surprising how many carpets you can afford to have in your home.

Proper carpet backing When it comes to making carpets only the proven, traditional ways are good enough for BMK. 'Syntilla' carpets are woven by craftsmen using Axminster looms — and woven with a proper carpet backing of jute and cotton.



Make this test when you're buying carpet. Pick up a piece and pull from corner to corner. If it hasn't got a proper carpet backing it will stretch in your hands — and sag and wrinkle on your floor!



This is the backing you want. A proper woven carpet backing of the sort you find in 'Syntilla'. No stretching here! And like all BMK carpets, 'Syntilla' is mothproof for life.

REMEMBER! There are all sorts of so-called carpets on the market nowadays. So it pays to look for the sign of a real carpet — a proper woven backing. And it pays most of all to look for the BMK label as well! For the names of BMK stockists in your neighbourhood write to:— BMK (E.1), P.O. Box 9, Kilmarnock, Ayrshire. Easy terms are available from most stockists.



'SYNTILLA'
Regd. Trade Mark

AXMINSTER CARPETS
Low cost luxury that lasts

Prince Philip peps things up

continued from page 12

goes on influencing British life in a way which no member of the Royal Family, except the Sovereign, has ever done.

One constitutional expert I asked about this said: "The jealousy with which we British have always looked upon the husband of any reigning Queen had made the position almost intolerable. This young man has changed the relationship of prince consort to people completely within a very few years, probably because, although he was born Royal, he led an ordinary life, mixing with ordinary people, and had had his share of experience and adventure. But all the same, it wanted thinking about."

Although his activities are so varied, involving most spheres from the Royal Navy to sausages, he has concentrated in certain fields, mostly youth work, industry and science.

His principal preoccupation is undoubtedly youth, the kind of active, challenging, constructive youth which he sees as an essential in a settled community like Britain. "It really boils down to there being two reasons for it," says one of his friends. "The first is that he travels more than most people and sees the young people of today at first hand."

"Second, that he translates what he sees into the background of his own unusual education at Gordonstoun."

A Palace official added: "I have always had a suspicion that what he really wanted was to have a go at the problem of juvenile delinquency. But he can't play an active part in that because he doesn't live with these people. So he goes one better and tackles the wider projects that might help to avoid juvenile troubles."

A difficult, often tricky field this; one too often associated with professional do-gooders and fraught with class feelings. But today most people in Britain speak of Prince Philip and youth work in the same breath. I asked Paul Winterforde-Young what the Duke had done for the London Federation of Boys' Clubs—one of the first organizations with which he was connected.

"He has put us on the map. He has made people conscious of the work we are doing. So far he has visited one in every eight of the hundreds of clubs we run and met thousands of boys. He has the best technique I know for dealing with them; he treats them, quite unself-consciously, as equals. If he doesn't know something, he says: 'Show me.' And, you know, it's terribly difficult to impress a teenager."

Winterforde-Young recalls the time at a club in Battersea when one of the boys, a rebellious character, thought that meeting Prince Philip was sissy. He wasn't going to be impressed by "all that bull." Prince Philip arrived and accidentally met the boy in the corridor where he was repairing his bicycle.

Prince and rebel

He stopped and asked: "What's that you are doing there?" The rebel did not look up. "Wat yer fink I'm doin'?" he asked. "Repairing me bike, that's what."

The Duke remained calm. "I can see that, but what are you repairing?"

"Me brakes..." the boy replied. "Well, in that case," Philip said, "you're putting them on the wrong way round."

The boy looked at his work, then at the Duke, and said: "Well, I'll be b—. Fancy yer noticing that?"

Sir John Hunt says: "He creates an atmosphere right away with the boys, of friendliness, simplicity and, above all, equality." Sir John's present connection with Prince Philip is the Award Scheme, a new approach to youth problems on which few experts were keen at first. But as one of them now says: "This was no joke. The words Prince Philip used when he started it were no social worker's clichés. He meant everything he said."

The scheme which Prince Philip first

outlined at Buckingham Palace in the autumn of 1954 was designed "to help both the young and the grown-ups... an introduction to leisure-time activities, a challenge to personal achievement..."

Now, in five years, more than 20,000 boys and girls have gone in for it, trained in rescue and public service, roughed it over Welsh mountains and mastered a hundred and one new skills. More than 150 of them have so far got the gold medal, the highest award, which the Duke always presents himself.

"He is completely tireless about the whole thing," says Sir John Hunt. "Some months ago he travelled for two days by plane, helicopter and car to meet about five hundred of the boys. Going with him was no rest cure." Another youth leader, who has spent all his life working in boys' clubs, says: "The Duke's scheme is the finest thing that's happened in our field for twenty years."

The Outward Bound Trust, largely the idea of Prince Philip's old headmaster, Dr. Kurt Hahn, also takes up a lot of his time. Vice-Admiral Horace Norman, general secretary of the

GETTING UP—1

I have, all my life long, been lying till noon; yet I tell all young men, and tell them with great sincerity, that nobody who does not rise early will ever do any good.

Samuel Johnson

National Playing Fields Association, gives another view of Prince Philip at work in the youth field: "If he takes something on the first thing he says is, 'I don't want any nonsense. If you want me, you've got to take me as a working partner.'"

In 1948, when he became president of the association, Prince Philip went to work every day for three months in its headquarters in Pimlico. He was given a room on the first floor, helped open the mail in the morning and took his tea break with everybody else. Now, almost everyone in Britain has heard of the Playing Fields.

Probably the most hazardous job Prince Philip has ever tackled was his invasion of the field of human relations

in industry. In 1954, John Marsh, Director of the Industrial Welfare Society, of which the Duke is patron, suggested the need for a conference on the subject. Philip immediately caught on.

Here was something—the misunderstandings, maladjustments, human difficulties of people working in large industrial communities—which he had seen for himself. Brashly, on his own initiative, he called a handful of experts into Buckingham Palace and suggested "a conference to conduct a practical study of the human aspects of industrialization and in particular those factors which make for efficiency, satisfaction and understanding..."

Many Court officials were completely baffled. This was a subject which had never before been even talked about in a Royal palace. As the experts, all top men in their field, filed into one of the reception rooms, one of them, a trades union leader, exclaimed: "This young man is trying to teach his grandmother how to suck eggs, if you know what I mean..." Two hours later, he agreed with Sir Harold Hartley, the future chairman of the conference, when he said: "The Duke's masterly chairmanship, his clear grasp of what was needed and his practical suggestions left nobody in any doubt. This was going to work."

It did. In July, 1956, 280 business men, technicians, teachers and financiers from the Commonwealth gathered in Oxford under Prince Philip's presidency. He himself still had doubts. As he commented afterwards: "I said things with a confidence which I did not altogether feel. I had to remind myself fairly frequently that if the outcome were certain there would be no adventure."

For ten days the conference read papers, talked, argued, visited factories and mines and then reported in two volumes that have now become the bible of all those concerned with the way an industrial society ticks over. In Montreal and Madras, Johannesburg and Birmingham, they are still talking about it, and now there is going to be another conference under Prince Philip, in Canada in 1962.

The chairman of a nationalised industry told me: "This was a dangerous thing to tackle. No politician would do it because it's got so much political and social feeling in it. But somebody had to clear the air and take the lead. Prince Philip did it, and although it is not one of those popular things the average person talks about, it's bound to remain one of his main achievements."

Anything scientific, progressive, challenging and, above all, anything that's going to work in the future inevitably attracts the Queen's husband. When he went to Antarctica he became interested in a new waterproof

material which expedition people were wearing. Back in Buckingham Palace, he ordered small quantities of it, opened a samples room and demonstrated it to every important visitor. He even convinced the Queen's trainer, Captain Boyd-Rochfort, that he ought to use it to cover the horses in rainy weather.

In some cases his efforts have been spectacularly successful. He has achieved the unique distinction of being the only member of the Royal Family who, through sheer personal influence, has brought about a new Act of Parliament. Speaking as President of the Automobile Association some years ago, he said: "The lighting of commercial vehicles in this country is deplorable. It's time we did something about it if we want to save lives." Then he described how he would fit two rear lights and two reflectors on the back of lorries and vans. In 1953 Parliament passed the Road Transport Lighting Act, putting the matter right.

He has followed up with suggestions about getting rid of diesel fumes, the Channel Tunnel, crash helmets (he was one of the prime movers in getting these adopted) and road weather reports. His own car, a dark-green Lagonda, is one of the few in Britain to be linked by radio with the A.A. stations. On many occasions, when driving himself; he has used his radio—his call sign is "Mobile"—to report adverse road conditions and sometimes the television weather map has been completed through his help. People in aviation also believe that his personal sponsorship of helicopters has put them in Britain's skies for good. He is one of only 145 people in the country who have a licence to fly helicopters.

Not criticized now

Most people's attitude to Prince Philip has changed a great deal over the years. He is no longer criticized, except by minority religious groups and possibly by photographers whom he has on occasion handled roughly, but in many quarters he is still a controversial figure. His questions, his acute discernment and his preoccupation with details have gained him a reputation for being "difficult."

As one of his friends says: "He does not suffer fools gladly and he has put so many in their place that in many quarters he is thought to be a bit of a nuisance. He probably enjoys the thought, anyway. But for anyone with a good cause, he is the right man to have in the vanguard."

Like most members of the Royal Family, he has, over the years, developed an unfailing human touch. Most people know his priceless repartee to the young girl who said, "Mmmmm" and pretended to swoon as he passed by; Philip pursed his lips and said "Mmmmmmm."

One of Prince Philip's least-known qualities is his modesty. One Buckingham Palace official says: "He is the only man I know who can pass a large mirror without having a quick look to adjust his tie or his hair." Once, when a fellow guest at a public dinner had to make a speech he asked the Prince to pass along a warning card when he had been talking for five minutes. The man spoke for about a minute and a half and then launched into a complimentary picture of the Prince. Philip seized the menu card in front of him, wrote "Five minutes" in a big scrawl and pushed it in front of the speaker. The latter understood and changed the subject.

And so the Queen's husband goes on, frank, inquisitive, hard to satisfy, temperamental and ready to have a go at anything. One government minister, asked if he would anonymously give his opinion of the Duke of Edinburgh, said: "I think that in these twelve years he has done three things. First, he has managed to change the hopeless position of a nonentity into one of national importance."

"Second, he's done everything that was asked of him in the way of official 'pomp up' without a murmur."

"Thirdly, he has become, on his own, a man of real influence who can get things done in a way few people could—no small achievement."

THE END



For years I'd dreamed of being a pilot. And here I was, taking off for the first time—without a parachute

I learned to fly for fun

by BETTY ROBERTS



Eight hundred feet above Liver-

pool gasworks I felt suddenly afraid and lonely. I wished I

had never started learning to fly. Getting the Auster into the air

had been easy—bringing it down was a different matter. Even with my

instructor sitting beside me I'd always been scared of landing. Now,

for the first time, I had left him behind. Reluctantly I headed back towards the airfield. The plane was too high as I approached the runway; fortunately it was a long one. I rounded out, with the ground very close, and fought to keep the plane from wandering. Then there was a horrible bump—but I was down, and I stayed down.

Triumphantly I taxied down to the control caravan where my instructor, Kon Irving, was waiting. "Well," I

shouted, "I've made it—and the plane is in one piece."

He said: "I know—but that was the worst approach I've seen in all my

life." My career as a birdwoman began in July, 1956, when I saw a paragraph in a local newspaper advertising trial

lessons for thirty shillings. I can't remember a time when I

didn't want to fly. In my childhood, instead of schoolgirl stories I read flying stories, in which the magic word "contact" appeared frequently. But I

did not imagine I should ever be able to afford flying lessons—anyway the R.A.F. don't want women pilots.

Even if they did, they would hardly choose a timid schoolmistress who was too scared of traffic to drive even a motor-scooter through the streets. . . . I decided to have one lesson; at least I'd be able to say that I had handled the controls of a real aircraft.

A nervous début

I was nervous when I got to the airfield and had my first close look at an Auster. It seemed very small and frail. The instructor who was to take me up, Cedric Flood, looked much too young for the job. To be honest I don't think he was favourably impressed with me. I'm not quite five feet tall, and with the odd grey hair already showing I could hardly be his idea of good aviator material. He gave me a long, hard look, then muttered something inaudible and went off to look for extra cushions.

When he returned I asked: "What about the parachute?" "Unless you've been trained to jump

have. But you'd better apply for a student pilot's licence before you spend

half an hour at a time would be enough to start with. I asked him if he thought I had any chance of becoming a pilot.

"Why not?" he said. "Other women

Back at the clubhouse the secretary, Jack Green, told me that the fee for an hour's instruction was £3, but that

going to learn to fly. money, one thing was certain—I was to go without in order to save the ground. I knew that whatever I had alive than I had ever done on the and the landscape fell away. I felt more The Auster pointed into the blue sky I forgot my fears. very solid. Then we were airborne and runway rushing towards us, looking could see the fence at the end of the went down I was even more afraid. I when we gathered speed and the nose was sticking up in front of us. But we were going because the nose of the plane the runway. I couldn't see where we bumped over the grass to the end of to be strapped into the aircraft and we Scared into silence, I allowed myself "You just pray."

"What happens then?" for the best—unless it should catch fire."

it's better to stick to the plane and hope

any money. You'll have to pass a stiff

I had the medical, sent in my appli-

cation, and waited impatiently. The

day I received the licence I joined the

Merseyside and North Wales Flying

Club at Speke Airport. The flying controls of the Auster are

switches. For my first few lessons I sat

in the right-hand seat, allowed to take

over the controls only when we were well away from the airfield.

In full control

Then came the day when I was pro-

moted to the left-hand seat. I echoed

the mechanic's words as he called out.

"Brakes on . . . fuel on . . . throttle set. . . ." He stood with one hand on the propeller and shouted the magic word. Proudly I shouted it back.

Now I had to learn to handle the plane on the ground. I released the brakes and cautiously inched the throttle forward. The end of the runway seemed ten miles off as we zig-zagged painfully along. Cedric advised: "Use the rudder and the brakes at the same time."

I explained: "This aeroplane wasn't

27



never constipated

I've never had a moment's worry about regularity since I was introduced to CALSALETTES. These little tablets are safe and sure, and, being made from a pure vegetable extract, so gentle. They're non-habit-forming, too. Try them!

...now I take

Calsalettes

CALSALETTES 1/8 lb. and 6/8 lb., and try TORBET LACTIC OATS 2/1 lb. and 4/2 lb.

Send this coupon for free sample

Name

Address

Post to: The Torbet Lactic Oat Co.,
24 Great King St., Edinburgh, 3



Transfer your go-slow cash

to this safe, shrewd, go-ahead investment ...

7 1/2% on Bank Deposit Accounts!

7% without tax deduction,
on Fixed-Term Bank Deposits!

Industrial Banking gives you excellent
security, highest interest rates,
easy withdrawal facilities

Group Assets Exceed £1,250,000

Post this Coupon today . . .

To: Director of Deposits,
**FEDERAL CONSOLIDATED
INVESTMENTS LIMITED,**
180, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4

Please send me, without obligation, full
details of your Industrial Banking investment
services including a free copy of Brochure D.

NAME

ADDRESS

I learned to fly for fun

continued from previous page

designed for pilots with size three feet."

The Auster was easier to handle in flight than on the ground, as I discovered when I went up for the first time with Harry Knight, an ex-R.A.F. instructor. I was anxious to prove that a mere woman could do as well as some of his men pupils. At first all went well.

Slowly and carefully I taxied out. Harry took off, then I did some gliding and climbing turns without making any silly mistakes. Pleased with myself, I sat back and watched him land the plane—then he asked me to taxi back to the clubhouse. "Slow down a little," he advised, "so that you can turn off the runway at the next intersection."

But I touched the left brake too soon and too hard and the plane swung sharply off the runway. There was a loud crack. I stopped, and waited apprehensively while Harry got out to investigate. He found I'd run over one of those runway lights which look like coconuts on sticks. The light was snapped off. Harry got back in his seat looking grim. I apologized. He said: "It's lucky we didn't damage the tyre as well."

But soon afterwards, I learned how small miscalculations in the air can lead to tragedy. One afternoon I arrived at the airport to find there was a slight haze over the ground. While I waited for a plane, Jack Green took a student up in a Tiger Moth.

Later, as I taxied out for a lesson with the chief instructor, Ron Irving. Harry came running towards us. "You can't fly," he shouted. "The Tiger's gone down in the river."

I taxied back; we got into Ron's car and drove to the far corner of the airfield where a fire tender was parked. We ran through the gate and on to the river bank. Firemen were moving about and calling to each other. The haze was thicker over the river.

We walked on—then we saw one wing of the Tiger sticking out of the water.

Through the mist a voice cried faintly. Firemen in a rubber dinghy were paddling towards a black dot in the water. That was one of the men—but where was the other? We heard that a policeman had swam to the plane, but could find nobody in it.

Later that evening we learned that the passenger had been saved, but the plane had been dragged into shore with the pilot dead—still strapped into his seat. I could hardly believe that Jack would never be at the club again.

The following Sunday I went flying again. Those of us who continued flying after the accident were not being callous. We felt we owed it to Jack—who had worked so hard for the club—and this meant we had to keep on flying.

Spreading fame

My weekend exploits at the airport began to become known to my friends and colleagues. Some thought I was brave; others were convinced I was crazy. At school the boys were impressed, but the girls showed little interest.

Once I took a group of girls to the airport in an attempt to arouse their enthusiasm. They watched the planes taking off and landing in bored silence, until I pointed out an airliner which was about to touch down. "That aircraft has come all the way from Rome," I said.

The girls immediately got excited and began to run towards the reception room. "We're going to have a look at the Romans," one of them explained.

Apart from the brake trouble I progressed fairly well. In the air, I began to feel that I could do just as I liked with the Auster. I suppose I was asking to be taught a lesson. I didn't have to wait long for it. One Sunday afternoon Cedric decided it was time for me to learn to do medium turns. He demonstrated a very efficient one, then told me to do the same.

Conscientiously I looked round to make sure there were no other aircraft

in sight. Then I shoved the stick to the left and applied what I hoped was the right amount of rudder. We began to turn. Suddenly I found I couldn't move. I felt as if a great weight was pressing me down into the seat. Something—I had no idea what—had gone wrong. I was terrified.

Cedric took over, and in no time had the plane flying normally again. I asked him: "What happened?"

He grinned. "You've heard of 'G,' haven't you? Now you know what it feels like."

"I didn't know you could feel 'G' in a turn in an Auster."

"It's not like a jet. But if you turn very steeply you can get up to about 2G. That's not much."

As far as I was concerned it was plenty.

My passion for flying quickly began to eat into my finances. All my holidays were spent at home. Often I'd look at a dress in a shop window and imagine how good it would look on me. Then I'd look at the price ticket—the equivalent of two hours' flying—and walk away.

Once I gave up smoking, but after

GETTING UP—2

There is not a single proverb
in favour of early rising that
appeals to the highest nature of
man.

Robert Lynd

one miserable afternoon at the clubhouse, grounded by bad weather, I abandoned trying to do without cigarettes.

I was horrified the afternoon Ron said we were going to stall the aircraft deliberately, and go on stalling, until I had learned how to recover control quickly.

I hated throttling right back, pushing the nose up, and waiting for the airspeed to drop from eighty miles per hour to sixty . . . to forty . . . to thirty. For a moment the aircraft felt motionless in the sky. Then, with a warning judder, it dropped—like going down in a fast lift, but worse. When that happened I had to make the plane drop more quickly, banging on full throttle and easing the stick forward, until it picked up flying speed and I could ease it out of the dive.

All the time I was afraid of one wing dropping, and going into a spin. Our Austers were not modified for spinning, and to learn how to cope with this I had to fly in a Tiger Moth.

I wasn't too keen to fly in the Tiger—imagine a biplane with an open cockpit in this day and age! I thought it would be cold and draughty, and wondered

miserably if I was going to fall out. But once we were airborne I loved it. There is nothing so exhilarating as flying in an open cockpit, and the Tiger was easy to handle.

When the lesson was finished Ron took over the controls. We dived towards the ground, then rose into the blue. I blinked twice, and suddenly the ground appeared where the sky should have been. Then we levelled off and I had passed another milestone—my first loop.

But learning to land was a nightmare. The first time I tried it I was flying with Ron Irving. By a fluke, my first landing was good. I went round again and lined up on the runway for the final approach. At the height of a double-decker bus I started flattening out. My aim was to fly along six inches above the ground until the plane lost speed and settled down. I didn't.

"Hold her off," said Ron,

There seemed plenty of room between me and the runway, so I eased the stick back very gently. But the ground was nearer than I thought. We hit the runway too soon, and much too fast. The plane bounced into the air. It rose up, and up.

I felt quite amazed; we must have bounced up fifty feet. Ron was shouting instructions at me, but I couldn't understand what he was saying. The plane was rising more slowly. At any moment, I knew she would stop and dive into the ground. I wondered vaguely where we would hit, but it didn't seem important. I was resigned.

Ron knocked my hand from the throttle lever and banged open the throttle. Just in time the engine picked up again and instead of falling we went on up, in safety. When we got back to the clubhouse, Ron and the mechanic examined the undercarriage very carefully. It was undamaged, which proved that the Auster is tougher than it looks.

He wasn't put off

Ron must be a very brave man. Even after this he went on teaching me to fly.

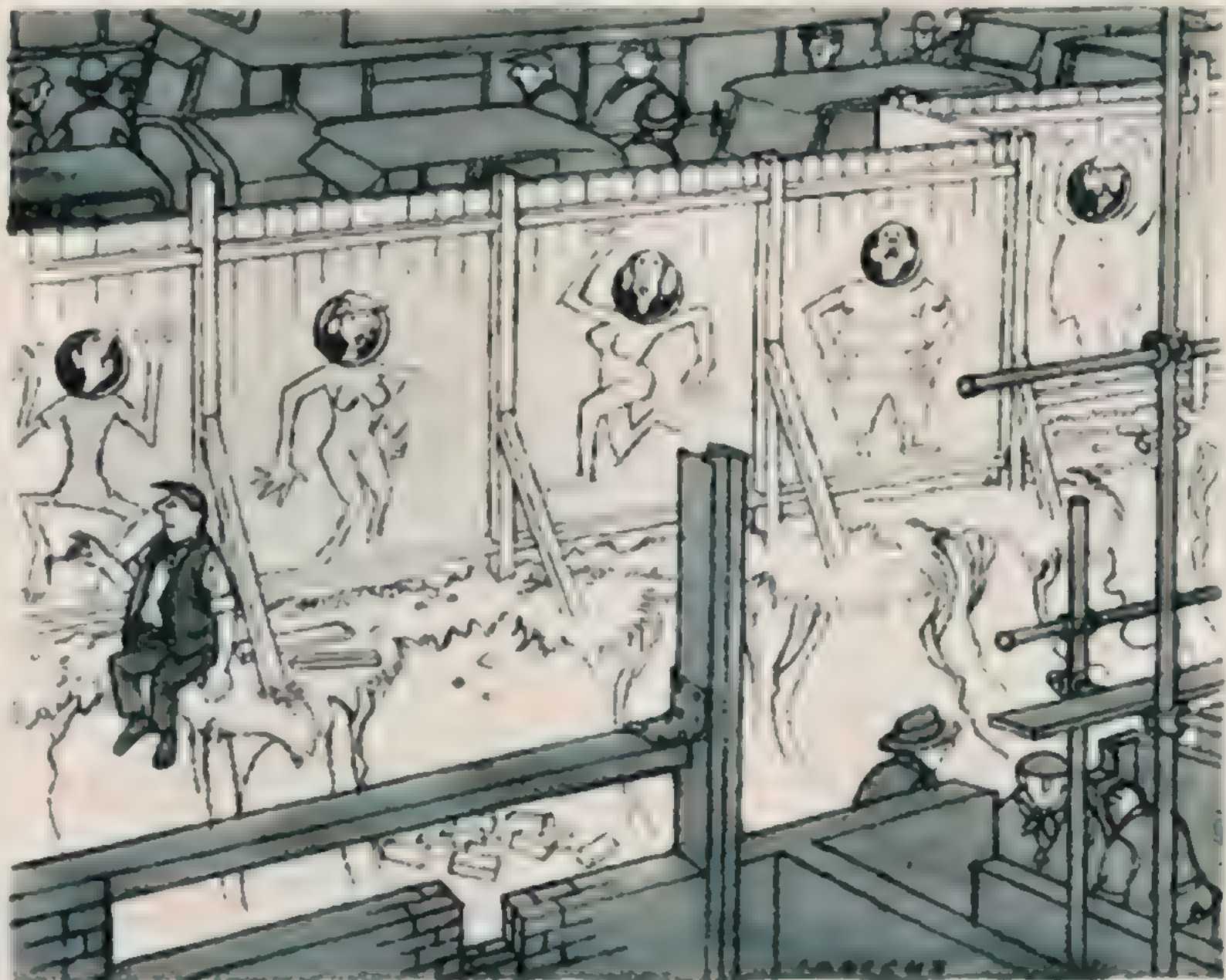
Since then, practice has made me more proficient, though I have not yet managed the forty hours in two years that is the minimum flying to obtain a private pilot's licence. In three years I have become familiar with all the landmarks of Wirral. I have simulated forced landings—including one with trees uncomfortably close—and I have flown in fair weather and foul.

Recently I encountered a headwind so strong that, although the airspeed indicator in the Auster showed eighty miles an hour, the aircraft was not moving at all.

As I sat in the cabin, amused and reluctant to turn back, an American Air Force jet hurtled by at almost the speed of sound.

THE END





Home is where we're going

continued from page 22

coffee pot. "What are you gettin' at, ma'am?"

"Some of them are ready to turn back or change their plans. What will you do then?"

He frowned, placing his cup on the grass and starting to fill his pipe. "No idea—might head south for Santa Fé. Why do you ask?"

"Because we're going on," Ma said. "We're going to the mountains, and I am hoping some of the others decide to come with us."

"You'd go alone?" He was amazed. "If necessary."

We started on at daybreak, but folks were more scary than before, and they kept looking at the great distances stretching away on either side, and muttering.

There was another kind of talk in the wagons, and some of it I heard. The nightly gatherings around Ma's fire had started talk, and some of it pointed to Burt and some were saying other things.

We made seventeen miles that day, and at night Mr. Buchanan didn't come to our fire; and when White stopped by, his wife came and got him. Ma looked at her and smiled, and Mrs. White sniffed.

"Mr. Burt"—Ma wasn't one to beat around a bush—"is there talk about me?"

Try Burt got red around the ears and he opened his mouth, but couldn't find the words he wanted. "Maybe—well, maybe I shouldn't eat here all the time. Only—well, ma'am, you're the best cook in camp."

Ma smiled at him. "I hope that isn't the only reason you come to see us."

He got redder than ever then, and gulped his coffee and took off in a hurry.

Time to time the men had stopped by to help a little, but next morning nobody came by. And Ma said to me as we sat on the wagon seat: "Pay no attention, Bud. You've no call to take up anything if you don't notice it. There will always be folks who will talk, and the better you do in the world, the more bad things they will say of you."

WE made eighteen miles that day, and the grass was better, but there was a rumble of distant thunder in the canyons, promising rain.

Webb stopped by, dropped an armful of wood beside the fire, then started off.

"Thank you, Mr. Webb," Ma said, "but aren't you afraid you'll be talked about?"

He looked angry; but then he grinned and said: "I reckon I'd be flattered, Mrs. Miles."

Ma said: "No matter what is decided by the rest of them, Mr. Webb, we are going on. But there is no need to go to California for what we want."

Webb took out his pipe and tamped

it. He had a dark, devil's face on him. I was afraid of Mr. Webb.

"We want land," Ma said, "and there is land around us. In the mountains ahead."

Mr. Buchanan had joined us. "That's fool talk," he declared. "You'd be cut off from the world. Left out of it."

"A man wouldn't be so crowded as in California," John Sampson remarked.

"For a woman," Webb replied, ignoring the others, "you've a head on you, ma'am."

"What about the Sioux?" Mr. Buchanan asked dryly.

"We'd not be encroaching on their land. They live to the north," Ma said. She gestured towards the mountains. "There is land to be had just a few days farther on, and that is where our wagon will stop."

A few days! Everybody looked at everybody else. Not months, but days only. Those who stopped then would have enough of their supplies left to help them through the winter and time for building cabins before the cold.

OH, there was argument, such argument, as you've never heard, and the upshot of it was that all agreed it was fool talk and the thing to do was keep going. And there was talk I overheard about Ma being no better than she should be, and why was Tryon Burt always hanging around her? And all those other men? And that no decent woman. . . . I hurried away.

At break of day our wagons rolled down a long valley with a small stream alongside the trail, and the Indians came over the ridge to the south of us and started our way.

There was barely time for a circle, but I was riding off in front with Tryon Burt, and he said: "A man can always try to talk first, and Injuns like a palaver. You get back to the wagons."

But I rode along beside him, my rifle over my saddle and ready to hand. My mouth was dry and my heart was beating so that I thought Try could hear it. The wagons were making their circle, and every second was important.

Their chief was a big man with splendid muscles, and there was a scalp not many days old hanging from his lance. Burt tried them in Shoshoni, but it was the language of their enemies and they merely stared at him, understanding well enough, but of no mind to talk. One young buck kept staring at Burt, daring Burt to make a move.

Then suddenly the chief spoke, and they all turned their eyes toward the wagons. There was a rider coming, and it was a woman.

It was Ma.

She rode right up beside us and, when she drew up, she started to talk, and she was speaking their language. She

NEW POWER OVER RHEUMATIC PAIN



PIFCO ELECTRIC MASSAGER USES VIBRATORY POWER TO FIGHT THE PAIN OF RHEUMATISM

The tensed muscles and fibres that cause your pain lie deep beneath the skin. You need power to reach these pain centres; you need power to break them up.

There are only two sources of this physical healing power. The strong hands of the trained masseur; and the powerful action of the Pifco Electric Massager.

The Pifco Massager brings all the wonderful benefits of massage into your own home—inexpensively. As you press the Massager to the afflicted area you feel the powerful waves go deep into the pain centres—soothing, relieving, healing.

The power of the Pifco Massager is well proved in both types of rheumatism—muscular (fibrositis, lumbago, etc.) and arthritic. It costs only 70/6d at your Chemist or Electrical Store.

Send now for the fully descriptive free booklet that tells you in detail how the Pifco Massager can help you. Send postcard with your name and address to

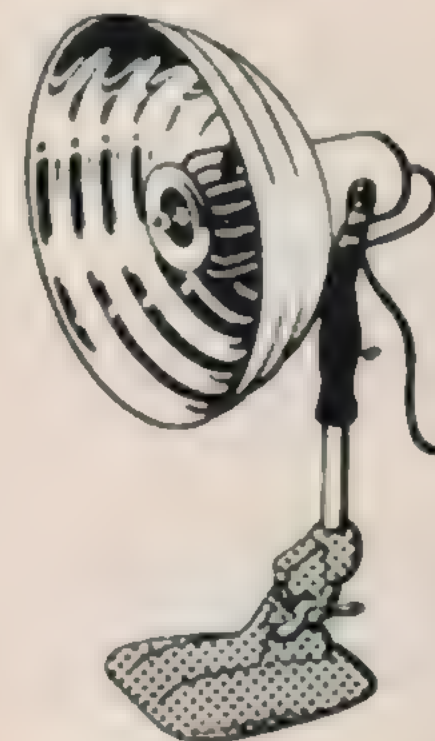
48 PIFCO HOUSE,
WATLING STREET, MANCHESTER 4.

PIFCO ELECTRIC MASSAGER

The Healing Power of Infra-Red Heat!

A great many people have found considerable relief from their rheumatic ailments under the deep-penetration rays of the PIFCO INFRA-RED LAMP. You can virtually feel the healing rays doing you good. They are projected by a highly-polished 10½ inch reflector, which can be easily adjusted to focus on any part of the body.

The Pifco Lamp is carefully and sturdily built and costs only 84/-d tax free, against a medical certificate.





continued from previous page

was talking Sioux. We both knew what it was because those Indians sat up and paid attention.

Suddenly she directed a question at the chief.

"Red Horse," he said, in English.

Ma shifted to English. "My husband was blood brother to Gall, the greatest warrior of the Sioux nation. It was my husband who found Gall dying in the brush with a bayonet wound in his chest, who took Gall to his home and treated the wound until it was well."

"Your husband was a medicine man?" Red Horse asked.

"My husband was a warrior," Ma replied proudly, "but he made war only against strong men, not women or children or the wounded." She put her hand on my shoulder. "This is my son. As my husband was blood brother to Gall, his son is by blood brotherhood the son of Gall, also."

Red Horse stared at Ma for a long time, and I was getting even more scared. Then he looked at me. "Is this one a fit son for Gall?"

"He is a fit son. He has killed his first buffalo."

Red Horse turned his mount and spoke to the others. One of the young braves shouted angrily at him, and Red Horse replied sharply.

Reluctantly, the warriors trailed off after their chief.

"Ma'am," Burt said, "you just about saved our bacon. They were just spoilin' for a fight."

"We should be moving," Ma said.

Mr. Buchanan was waiting for us. "What happened out there? I tried to keep her back, but she's a difficult woman."

"She's worth any three men in the outfit," Burt replied.

That day we made eighteen miles and, by the time the wagons circled, there was talk. The fact that Ma had saved them was less important now than other things. It didn't seem right that a decent woman could talk Sioux or mix in the affairs of men.

Nobody came to our fire and I heard someone say: "Must be part Injun. Else why would they pay attention to a woman?"

"Maybe she's leading us into a trap."

"Hadn't been for her," Burt said, "you'd all be dead now."

"How do you know what she said to 'em? Who savvies that lingo?"

"I never did trust that woman," Mrs. White said. "Too high and mighty. Nor that husband of hers, either, come to that. Kept to himself too much."

The air was cool after a brief shower when we started in the morning, and there were no Indians in sight. All day long we moved over grass made fresh by new rain, and all the ridges were pine-clad now. Short of sundown I killed an antelope with a running shot—dropped him mighty neat—and looked up to see an Indian watching from a hill. At the distance I couldn't tell, but it could have been Red Horse.

Time to time I'd passed along the train, but nobody waved or said anything. Webb watched me go by, his face stolid as one of the Sioux, yet I

knew there was a deal of talk going on. "Why are they mad at us?" I asked Burt.

"Folks hate something they don't understand, or anything seems different," Burt said. "Your ma goes her own way, speaks her mind, and of an evening she doesn't set by and gossip."

We circled, and I staked out my horses and took the oxen to the herd. By the time Ma had her grub-box lid down, I was fixing a fire, when here come Mr. Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. White and some other folks, including that Webb.

"Ma'am"—Mr. Buchanan was mighty abrupt—"we figure we ought to know what you said to those Sioux. We want

to know why they turned off just because you went out there."

"Does it matter?"

Mr. Buchanan's face stiffened up. "We think it does. There's some think you might be an Indian your own self."

"And if I am?" Ma was amused.

"Just what is it you have in mind, Mr. Buchanan?"

"We don't want no Injuns in this outfit!" Mr. White shouted.

"How does it come you can talk that language?" Mrs. White demanded. "Even Tryon Burt can't talk it."

"Maybe you want us to keep goin' because there's a trap!" White declared. I never realized folks could be so mean, but there they were, facing Ma

like they hated her, like those witch-hunters Ma told me about back in Salem. It didn't seem right that Ma, who they didn't like, had saved them from an Indian attack.

"As it happens," Ma said, "I am not an Indian, although I should not be ashamed of it if I were. They have many admirable qualities. However, you need worry yourselves no longer, as we part company in the morning. I have no desire to travel farther with you—gentlemen."

MR. BUCHANAN'S face got all angry, and he started up to say something mean. Nobody was going to speak rough to Ma with me standing by, so I just picked up my rifle and jacked a shell into the chamber. I said: "Mr. Buchanan, this here's my ma, and she's a lady, so you just be careful what words you use."

"Put down that rifle, you young fool!" he shouted at me.

"Mr. Buchanan, I may be little and may be a fool, but this here rifle doesn't care who pulls its trigger."

He looked like he was going to have a stroke, but he just turned sharp and walked away, all stiff in the back.

"Ma'am," Webb said, "you've no cause to like me much, but you've shown more brains than that passel o' fools. If you'll be so kind, me and my boy would like to trail along with you."

"I like a man who speaks his mind, Mr. Webb," Ma said. "I would consider it an honour to have your company."

Tryon Burt looked quizzically at Ma. "Why, now, seems to me this is a time for a man to make up his mind, and I'd like to be included along with Webb."

"Mr. Burt," Ma said, "for your own information, I grew up among Sioux children in Minnesota. They were my playmates."

Come daylight, our wagon pulled off to one side, pointing north-west at the mountains, and Mr. Buchanan led off to the west. Webb followed Ma's wagon, and I sat watching Mr. Buchanan's eyes get angrier as John Sampson, Neely Stuart, the two Shafter wagons and Tom Croft all fell in behind us.

Tryon Burt had been talking to Mr. Buchanan, but he left off and trotted his horse over to where I sat my horse. Mr. Buchanan looked mighty sullen when he saw half his wagon train gone and with it a lot of his importance.

Two days and nearly forty miles farther, we topped out on a rise and paused to let the oxen take a blow. A long valley lay across our route, with mountains beyond it, and tall grass wet with rain, and a flat bench on the mountainside seen through a grey veil of a light shower falling. There was that bench, with the white trunks of aspen on the mountainside beyond it looking like ranks of slim soldiers guarding the bench against the storms.

"Ma," I said.

"All right, Bud," she said quietly, "we've come home."

And I started up the oxen and drove down into the valley where I was to become a man.

THE END

Everybody's Puzzling

QUIZZLE

The letters in numbered squares, if placed in the small grid to the left of the puzzle in numerical sequence, will spell a well-known quotation and help to check your solutions.

CLUE DOWN

- A. The gifts of the Magi at Bethlehem (4, 12, 3, 5).

CLUES ACROSS

- A. French policeman.
B. Power or right of choosing.
C. Pendant containing memento.
D. In golf, as many holes as there are yet to play.
E. Voice above the natural in register.
F. Artificial silk.
G. Allowance to support divorced wife.
H. Blockhead.
I. He perished in H.M.S. Hampshire on June 5, 1916.
J. Fibre obtained from agave.
K. Terrorist of Tsarist Russia.
L. Less than two fifths of an inch.
M. Whirlpool.
N. Goddess of retribution.
O. Mass of eggs laid in water.
P. Old Turkish title for an official.
Q. Pointed missile.
R. American 5 cent piece.
S. Pendulous skin under throats of oxen.
T. Neither old nor young (6, 4).
U. More recent.
V. Untanned leather.
W. Regular recurrence of sounds.
X. To pass the winter resting.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48		

A			1		2				
B			3		4				
C			5		6				
D	7		8						
E				9			10		
F				11					
G	12						13		
H			14	15					
I		16		17					
J		18							
K		19			20				
L		21			22			23	
M			24						
N	25				26				
O		27		28					
P					29	30			
Q				31					
R	32				33				
S			34		35				
T					36	37			38
U					39	40			
V			41		42				
W			43	44	45				
X	46				47			48	

BRAIN TEASER by Fred Borders

In a recent census taken in a small Swiss town, the following facts were obtained: everybody spoke French; 49 per cent spoke German; 41 per cent spoke Italian, and 12 per cent spoke both Italian and German.

The remaining 242 people spoke only French.

What was the population of that town?

NOW TURN TO PAGE 34 FOR THE ANSWERS

The friendly Scotch...

The proprietary Scotch Whisky
of world wide renown

Long John

WHISKY

DISTILLED, MATURED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND



This Christmas SEND FLOWERS to your friends and relations overseas...



Remember your friends and relations this Christmas with gifts of beautiful fresh flowers and flowering plants. And it is so easy—just contact your local Interflora florist for guaranteed delivery of your orders when and where you wish. For Christmas delivery in the Commonwealth and other countries order now and save on transmission costs.

INTERFLORA

The World-wide
FLOWER
RELAY
SERVICE



Over 2,000 florist members in Great Britain alone.

The handy man about the house



HERE'S a versatile tool known by thousands the world over as their "third-hand"—the Mole Self Grip Wrench. It locks onto work with positive grip to remain there until the release lever is touched. Super pliers, hand vice, clamp are some of its many uses for Engineers, Mechanics and especially the Handyman about the house and garage. Have you a "third hand"?

IN TWO SIZES 7in. 12/6, 10in. 15/- FROM
IRONMONGERS, MOTOR AND MOTOR
CYCLE ACCESSORY DEALERS

★Ask for a Genuine Mole Wrench
and look for the name on it.

If in difficulty write to
M. MOLE & SON LTD., BIRMINGHAM, 3



The golden deed

continued from page 8

take care of your shekels!" a trifle reprovingly. "But they're lovely—thank you very much. Aren't they lovely, Tony?"

"Yes," Tony said, without enthusiasm. "Can I have the elastic?"

"I've got something better than elastic for you, young fellow-me-lad," Roscoe told him. "Come and see." He turned back towards the drive.

Sally called after him: "How did you get on today?"

"Oh, fine, fine." He was already delving in the back of the car. After a moment he produced a pair of small-size boxing gloves. "Ever done any boxing at school, Tony?"

"Yes, I have, and I'm a very good boxer, except that I keep my eyes shut," Tony said.

Roscoe gave a loud guffaw. "Well, that's not much use, is it? You'll have to practise. I'll soon teach you." He produced another pair of gloves, for himself. Then he went round to the boot and hauled out a punchball on an adjustable stand. "Got to keep fit," he called to Sally, with a grin. "Shall we take it round the back, Tony?"

Tony tried to lift the stand, but the base was of solid iron and he couldn't move it. Roscoe laughed, and threw it lightly over his shoulder. "Come on," he said.

A boxing lesson was in full swing on the back lawn when Mellanby emerged from his study at half past

unconsciousness with that straight left of yours. . . !"

The boxing lesson continued until it was nearly time for dinner, which proved to be far from the pleasant meal of the day before. Following his demonstration in the garden, something extraordinary seemed to have happened to Roscoe. He now appeared determined to dominate the table, too, both with his physical presence and his loud talk. His way of speech, with its curious blending of B.B.C. accent, army slang and transatlantic idiom, suddenly began to jar. The uninhibited cross-glances he kept throwing at Kira made Sally feel decidedly uneasy. One way and another, she scarcely recognized the well-mannered and considerate guest of the first day.

It was Sally who voiced their feelings when they were alone together. "I know I ought to like him," she said. "But actually I think I'm a bit afraid of him. He's beginning to take possession of the house."

"I shouldn't worry too much about it," Mellanby said. "Just let things take their course. We'll do everything we possibly can for Roscoe—and if we find he's not our sort, well, it just can't be helped."

And for two days things did take their course, with Roscoe's interest in Kira becoming more obvious and embarrassing, so that Mellanby had to speak to him about it, as tactfully as he could. Then, one afternoon, came more trouble. Around five o'clock, just as Sally was settling down with Alison to an instalment of Winnie the Pooh, he rang up to say he'd got in a bit of a jam with the car.

"Nothing serious," he said, "no casualties, and no damage to speak of—but I'm stuck in Blackett's Lane. I was trying to pass a caravan, and there wasn't room."

"Well, I'd better ring our garage and get them to send someone," Sally said.

She rang off and dialled the garage. The owner, a phlegmatic man named Jack Reed, said the breakdown van was out on a job, but as soon as it came in he'd take it straight round to Blackett's Lane himself. He couldn't say exactly when it would be.

Sally called Kira and asked her to take over the reading session and then went along to the study to tell Mellanby the news. "Perhaps I ought to run over there, John," she said. "Roscoe will wonder what's happened if no one turns up."

Mellanby pushed his papers aside. "I'll come with you," he said. "We may be able to lend a hand. . . ."

OVER in Blackett's Lane it was a real tangle. A large and opulent-looking cream caravan was immovably wedged between one of the stone walls and the Humber car. The Humber was firmly locked against the other wall, with its near-side wing sprung over a pointed lump of granite. Mellanby and Sally had to go through a field gate and back over the wall to get round to the front of the obstruction. Roscoe was standing there in the road, smoking a cigarette. A few yards away a man and a woman were leaning

six. Roscoe, bared to the waist, was showing Tony how to punch, while Kira stood by and watched. His tremendous blows cracked against the punchball like gunshots in the still garden.

"Are you a champ?" Tony asked, as Roscoe finally allowed the punchball to come to rest.

"Well, I used to box for the regiment," Roscoe said, "and I generally managed to win. Now you have a go."

Tony began to batter at the punchball. Roscoe stood back, watching him. "Pity you can't have a crack with us, Mellanby," he said, "but I guess that leg of yours would let you down."

"I dare say the leg would be all right," Mellanby said drily, "but boxing's not really my line of country."

"How did you get the limp?" Roscoe asked. "Trouble with the old Hun?"

"Nothing so heroic, I'm afraid. I was excavating a wall about ten years ago and slipped, and the knee's played me up ever since."

"Bad luck, old man. Well, come on, Tony, see if you can batter me into

The Inspector's comment (see page 14)



Well, it *could* have been an accident. What bothers me is George Humphreys' story. He said he'd been reading the paper in the lounge when the lights went out. He had then gone "rushing up" to see what the trouble was. Fair enough. That's how you'd expect him to act. But why, in that case, was the lounge in darkness after the fuse had been mended? McCann, the neighbour, said he couldn't find the switch—the implication being that it was off. It seems to me there are two possible explanations: either Humphreys turned off the switch before "rushing up"—surely a very unlikely thing for him to have done—or he had not been in the lounge at all at the vital moment. I wonder where he *had* been. I wonder why he had to lie about it. Send George Humphreys in again. I think we can shake him.



against an unhitched black Chrysler. The glum expressions on all three faces suggested that there'd been a certain amount of recrimination about the incident.

"Well—hallo!" Roscoe said in surprise. He looked at Mellanby in some embarrassment. "Sorry to bring you out, old man. Sorry about it all! Afraid I've put up a bit of a black."

The caravan owner approached. He was a big, greying man of fifty-five or so. He was wearing a plaid shirt with the sleeves rolled up, and khaki-drill trousers belted over his stomach. "It's your car, is it?" he said to Mellanby.

WHEN Mellanby nodded he added: "Well, if you don't mind me saying so, this young fellow's not fit to drive it. He was going a heck of a lot too fast."

"Hardly the kind of lane to bring a big caravan through, is it?" Roscoe said.

"We wouldn't have thought of it," the caravan-owner's wife said, "but someone told us there was an old quarry along here that would make a good stopping place. We didn't realize the lane would be quite so narrow." She was at least twenty years younger than the man, and very attractive—a striking brunette, with dark eyes and a beautifully curved mouth and one of the loveliest complexions Sally had ever seen.

"I know the quarry," Sally said, with a friendly smile. "It would make a nice stopping place."

"Anyhow," Mellanby said, "there doesn't seem to be much harm done. He walked over to the wall and took a closer look at the Humber wing. "I suppose the three of us couldn't lift it off?"

"We've tried it already," Roscoe said—adding, with a slight grin, "I doubt if you'd make much difference, old man."

For a moment or two they continued to stand and gaze at the road block. Then the caravan owner said: "Well, we're not going to shift it by just looking at it. What about you folks joining my wife and me in a glass of sherry while we're waiting?"

"That's a cheerful suggestion," Sally said.

"I reckon it's better than arguing about who's to blame. Come on in and see the homestead. Our name's Sherston, by the way. George and Eve

Sherston." He had a bluff, direct manner that Sally found engaging.

Sally said: "Ours is Mellanby. This is Keith Roscoe—he's staying with us."

Sherston nodded. "Glad to know you all." His accent and way of speech had a transatlantic flavour, but Mellanby didn't think he was American. "Shall I go ahead?"

The door of the caravan was just clear of the Humber and with a little difficulty Sherston managed to open it wide enough for them all to squeeze through.

"But what a marvellous caravan!" said Sally, gazing around.

Sherston was drawing the cork from a bottle of sherry. "So you like our little home, Mrs. Mellanby?" he said.

"It's wonderful. It must be enormous fun."

"We think so." He poured out five glasses of sherry and handed them round.

"Well, this is very hospitable of you," Mellanby said. He savoured the sherry, which was excellent. "You're on holiday, are you?"

"That's right," Sherston said. "And a good long holiday it's going to be, isn't it, Eve?"

HIS glance rested on his wife for a moment with possessive affection. Then he added: "First England, then all round Europe with a bit of luck. If it takes us years, so much the better."

"Where are you from?" Roscoe asked.

"We're from Trinidad — British West Indies. I'm an oil man—at least, I was. Mining engineer."

"Are you planning to go back there eventually?" Sally asked.

"Well, we haven't really decided. We had a big stroke of luck and we're going to enjoy ourselves—aren't we, Eve?"

Mellanby said: "How long are you thinking of staying around here?"

"Well, it depends what there is to see—our time's our own. We've got a lot of ground to cover, but I've heard Bath's a pretty interesting place."

"It's unique," Mellanby said.

Eve said, with a smile: "Someone told George that a spa course was just the thing to tone one up in middle age. Do you think it works?"

"Well, I've never tried it myself," Mellanby said, "but a lot of people do, of course."

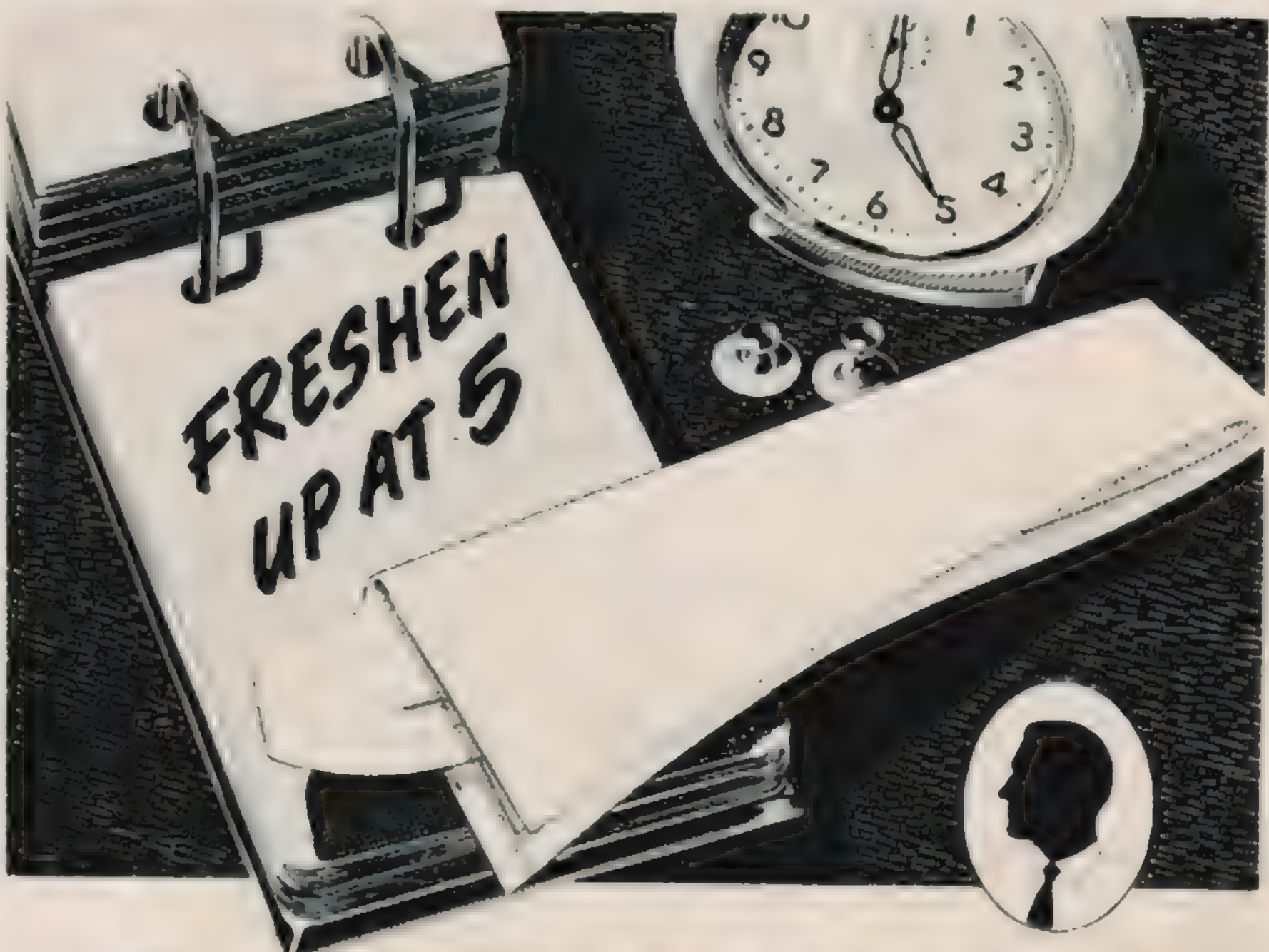
"Does he need toning up?" Roscoe asked. He was looking at Eve Sherston

Everyone looks at MARLSBRO

men

NEWMARKET
Cavalry Twill

PRINCETON
Yorkshire Tweed



Put on a clean Van Heusen Collar

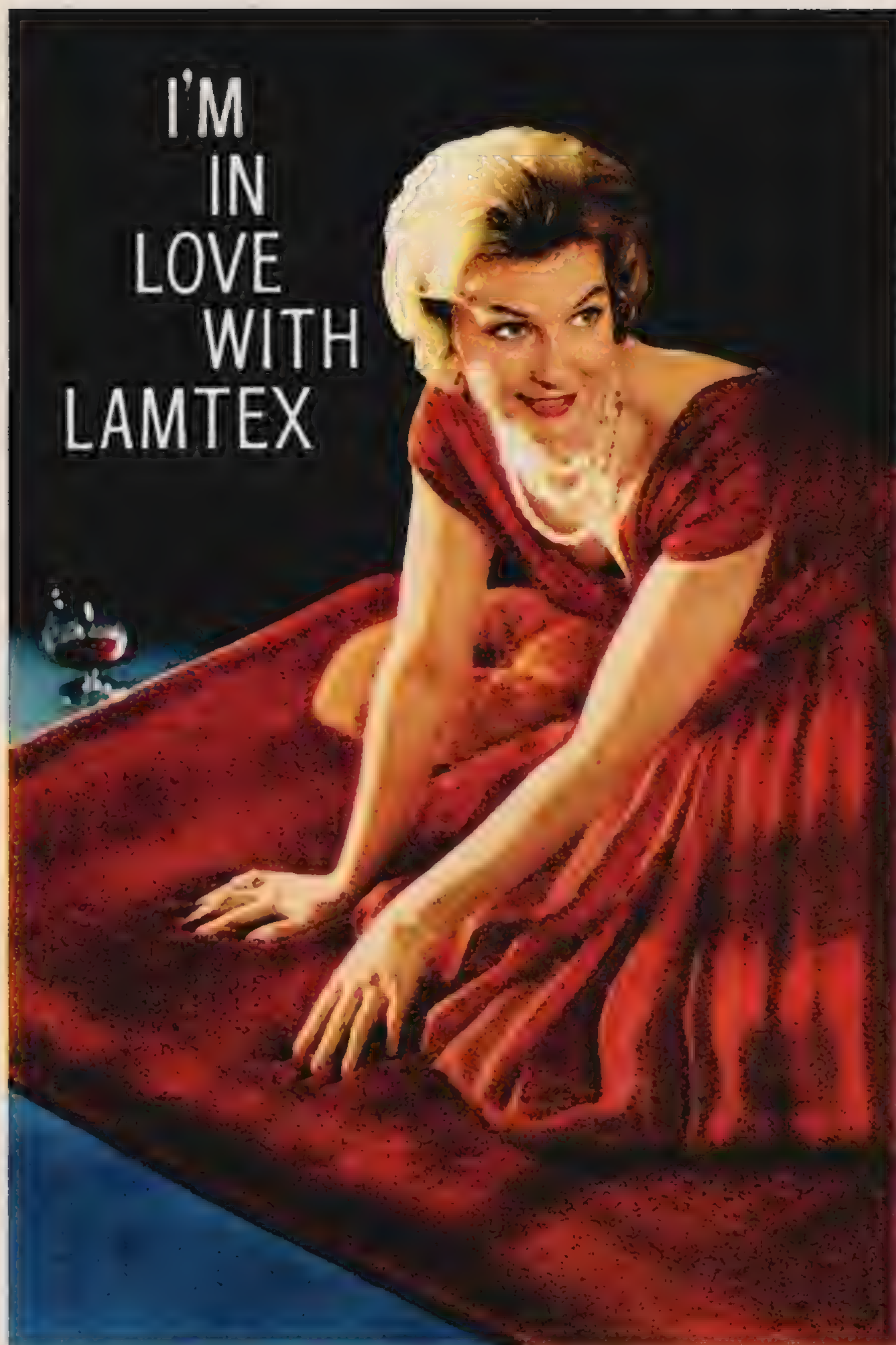
For morning freshness at the end of the day, put on a clean Van Heusen collar. Impeccably styled in cool permanently semi-stiff material actually woven on a curve that conforms to the shape of your neck, Van Heusen collars are always irreproachably right.

Choose from 6 styles in the quarter size that fits you exactly.

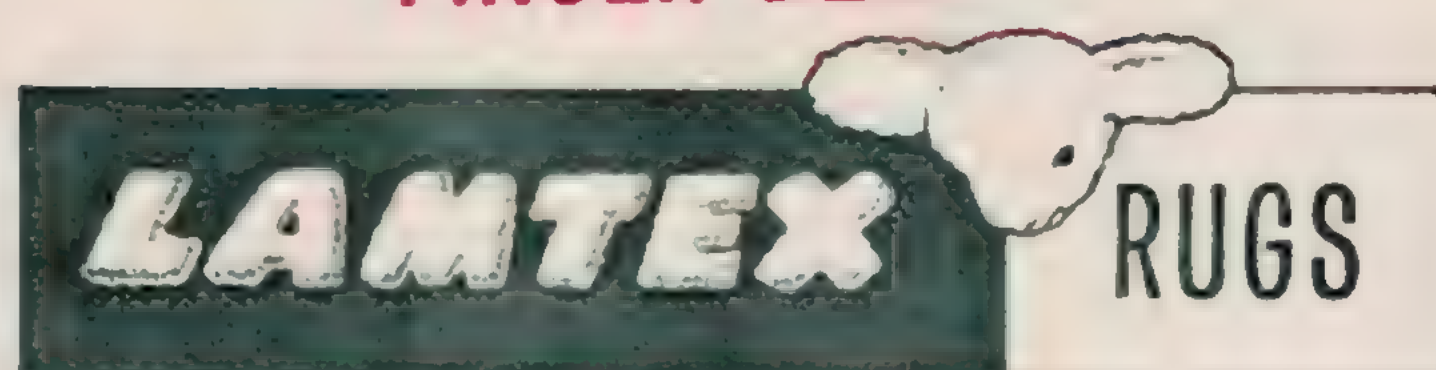
Van Heusen Collars

Permanently semi-stiff * In 6 styles * 3/6 each

KEEP SOME SPARE VAN HEUSEN COLLARS AT THE OFFICE



PURE WOOL
FINGER DEEP



You'll fall in love with Lamtex, too. Every deep fleecy inch of it is pure soft wool. A rich rug this, in rich colours, richly-made to last for years. Soft and snug—a rug to be proud of. And all Lamtex rugs are mothproofed and wear guaranteed for the first three years of their long life.

Every genuine Lamtex rug is gloriously deep in pure virgin wool—extra close, extra thick, and fleecy soft. There is a written guarantee covering the first three years' wear, eight colours, six sizes (27" x 11", 30" x 12", 48" x 24", 64" x 27", 60" x 30", 72" x 36"), four shapes, oblong, bow, circular, and oval. Look for Lamtex at carpet and furnishing stores everywhere.



Shade samples, names of nearest stockists from
DEPT JBL. J. L. TANKARD & CO. LTD., BRADFORD 4



The golden deed

continued from previous page

in such a blatantly intimate way that his meaning couldn't be mistaken.

There was an awkward silence. Sherston was gazing at Roscoe in amazement. At that moment, fortunately, there was a hoot from the lane. Roscoe said: "That'll be the breakdown van," and eased himself out of the door. The others followed.

The disentangling took quite a time. But at last the car wing was freed.

"You'll have to let me know what the bill is, Mr. Mellanby," Sherston said. "I'll be happy to pay half."

"Oh, it won't amount to much," Mellanby said. "You needn't worry about that."

"Well, it was partly our fault—this lane sure is narrow. How much farther do we have to go before we reach the quarry?"

"Only a couple of hundred yards or so."

"Oh—then I guess we should make it without difficulty. Well, I must say it's been fine meeting you people," Sherston's cordial glance embraced Mellanby and Sally, but ostentatiously excluded Roscoe.

Eve smiled at Sally. "I wonder if you'd care to bring the children along to see the caravan some time, Mrs. Mellanby? Come and have tea one afternoon. I don't know what George's plans are, exactly—perhaps the best thing would be for me to give you a ring."

Sally nodded. "The number's Bath 9100. It's in the book."

"Lovely," Eve said. "I shall look forward to it."

SALLY and Mellanby had two more days to study Roscoe's peculiar personality before the next major incident occurred. During that time, his behaviour was so unpleasant that they could no longer have any doubts about their feeling towards him.

There was something, they decided, almost unbalanced about the way he made trouble. His chief target was the patient Mellanby, to whom he was insolent and patronizing by turns. But the others didn't escape. The children came in for a good deal of mischievous teasing—not without protests from Sally—and were several times reduced to tears. Kira, perhaps, suffered most of all. Roscoe was treating her like a menial, sending her off to post letters and buy cigarettes for him as though she were his personal servant. Only Mellanby's profound sense of obligation prevented him from asking his guest to leave at once.

Then, five days after Roscoe's arrival at the house, there was a most disconcerting episode. It happened before dinner, when Sally and Mellanby were in the garden. The telephone rang, and Kira answered it in the sitting-room. The call was for Roscoe, who had just returned from a long day in the country. The caller, whoever he was, was extremely angry. Harsh crackling sounds were audible through the open window as far away as the copper beech. Roscoe, holding the receiver away from his ear, glanced a little sheepishly across the lawn.

Snatches of one-sided conversation

followed, on a rising pitch of temper never before heard in the Mellanby house. *I don't see you've anything to make a fuss about, old chap. . . . Don't be so bloody silly, it was only a friendly gesture. . . .* And, more aggressively, *You'd better watch your step, too, or you'll get hurt—I'm not used to being threatened. . . .* Presently, with another glance across the lawn, Roscoe closed the window and the Mellanbys heard no more. . . .

On the following afternoon Eve rang, and Sally took Tony and Alison over to Blackett's Lane to have tea at the Sherstons' caravan. They reached the quarry about half past three. Eve was sitting in a deck-chair by the caravan reading a book when they arrived. There was no sign of George Sherston, and Eve explained that he'd gone into Bath for the afternoon.

After tea, when the children went off to play, Eve turned to Sally, smiling confidentially: "George says he's terribly sorry about that business last night," she said. "He realizes he was awfully rude and he hopes you'll forgive him. Obviously, he ought to have spoken to one of you first."

Sally stared. "You mean it was he who rang up Roscoe?"

"Why, yes. Didn't you know?"

"No—Roscoe didn't tell us who it was. . . . What was it all about?"

"Well, it was quite stupid actually. Believe it or not, Roscoe suddenly

Answers to Everybody's Puzzling

See page 30

FRED BORDERS'S BRAIN TEASER

The simplest way to tackle a problem of this nature is to make a table in the following manner:

	GIF	GF	IF	F
G	12	37		
I	12		29	
F	12	37	29	22

Under GIF put 12 for the 12% who speak all 3 languages, on each line. Under GF put the remaining 37% (49 less 12) who speak German on lines G and F. And put 29 (41 less 12) under IF on lines I and F. If we now add together the first three figures on line F we have 12 plus 37 plus 29, or 78%. The remaining 22% are those who speak only French, and these are 242 in number. Hence, 1% is 11 people, and 100%—the total population—is 1,100.

QUIZZLE

Quotation: Drink to me only with thine eyes; and I will pledge with mine. (Ben Jonson.)

Clue Down: Gold, frankincense and myrrh. Clues Across: (A) Gendarme; (B) Option; (C) Locket; (D) Dorn; (E) Falsetto; (F) Rayon; (G) Alimony; (H) Nitwit; (I) Kitchener; (J) Istle; (K) Nihilist; (L) Centimetre; (M) Eddy; (N) Nemesis; (O) Spawn; (P) Effendi; (Q) Arrow; (R) Nickel; (S) Dewlap; (T) Middle-aged; (U) Younger; (V) Rawhide; (W) Rhythm; (X) Hibernate.



turned up here yesterday morning. George was away in town making inquiries about that 'cure' business. I wouldn't have mentioned it to him at all—he's terribly jealous and I knew he'd be furious about it—but Roscoe was smoking a cigarette and he came into the caravan with it, and as George and I don't smoke I knew he'd realize someone had been there. So I had to tell him, and he was mad, as I knew he would be—he rushed straight off to the phone box, and warned Roscoe to keep away."

"Good heavens, Eve, I'm not surprised. And I don't blame him in the least. Eve, I am sorry."

Eve smiled. "Well, George is a kind old thing at heart, but he'd beat the brains out of anyone he caught making a pass at me. He was brought up rough and tough, and I'm afraid he's still not very civilized. . . ."

"It's Roscoe who isn't civilized," Sally said bitterly.

Eve gave her a puzzled look. "I agree, I think he's a terrible man—but as he's a guest in your house and a friend of yours. . . ." She broke off. "Well, it's a bit difficult."

"He's not a friend," Sally said. "He's much more than that—and much less." In a few words, she told Eve about the rescue incident, and all that had followed it.

Eve listened, fascinated. "Well," she said, "that really is a story. Now things are beginning to make sense. . . . What on earth are you going to do about him?"

"Oh, we're going to tell him he'll have to go. We'd have done it before, but the thing is, he *did* save me and Tony, nothing can alter that—and John's so very conscientious."

"Heavens!" Eve said. "How conscientious can you get?"

But now even Mellanby's patience was at an end. For sheer reckless impudence he had rarely heard anything to beat Roscoe's latest escapade. He would speak to him that evening, he decided, and ask him to leave first thing in the morning.

Then something rather confusing happened. When Roscoe returned shortly after six he sought Mellanby out and humbly apologized for his behaviour of the previous day. He said that the angry telephone call had been from Sherston, and explained why it had been made. He said that he'd called at the caravan on impulse and was now thoroughly ashamed of himself. He knew it didn't excuse him, but the fact was he'd been under a good deal of strain since he'd left the army, worrying about how he was going to make a living. Things had got him down a bit—but from now on he'd try to do better.

His manner was so chastened that Mellanby felt he had no alternative but to wait a little longer and see what happened.

DURING the next two days, Roscoe's behaviour was impeccable. He was kind to the children, gentle to Kira, and as polite and considerate as anyone could wish. The sense of strain departed from the house. Mellanby was able to concentrate on his work once more without anxiety. Eve, whom Sally had invited to tea on a return visit, said she could only suppose that Roscoe had been brought to his senses by George's sharp warning. Whatever

the reason, she was glad for Sally's sake that things had been patched up.

Then a letter arrived for Roscoe—the first he'd received at the Mellanby house. The contents were evidently not to his liking, for he looked very glum during breakfast and went off in the Humber afterwards with scarcely a word. When he returned in the evening he was still brooding, and asked Mellanby if they could have a private talk. Mellanby took him along to the study and gave him a chair. "What's worrying you?" he asked.

"Well, old man," Roscoe said, "it seems as though I'll have to take you up on that offer of a loan, after all."

Mellanby looked at him in surprise. "You mean you've found a place?"

"No, I haven't found anything—and unless I can raise some money quickly I'll have to give up the whole idea."

"Why, what's the trouble?"

"Well, the fact is, I owe quite a bit," Roscoe said. "I hoped the chap would wait and take it a little at a time

GETTING UP—4

He that rises late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business by night.

Benjamin Franklin

when the farm started to pay, but instead of that he's dunning me for the whole lot right away. That was the happy news I got in that letter this morning."

There was a little silence. Then Mellanby said: "How much do you owe?"

"Oh—a thousand or two," Roscoe gave a rueful grin. "Well, more than that, actually. I suppose I'd better come clean with you. Seven thousand pounds."

Mellanby stared at him. "That's a lot of money."

"You're telling me, old man! Still, it wouldn't mean a lot to you. I mean, you're obviously well-heeled."

"It's a lot of money by any standards," Mellanby said.

Roscoe gave a shrug. "I'm told you've given much more than that to charity—everyone I've talked to in the town speaks very highly of your generosity. Well, surely I'm a more deserving cause than any charity?"

Mellanby said nothing.

"Look," Roscoe said. "Let me put it this way. If you'd known you could save your wife and child from drowning by paying seven thousand pounds beforehand, you'd have paid it, wouldn't you, like a shot?"

"Naturally."

"Well, as it happens, they were saved first, and now you have the chance of settling afterwards. You owe me for two lives. You've talked a great deal about gratitude. Okay—this is the pay-off."

© Andrew Garve, 1959

NEXT WEEK: Roscoe rules the household—by fear

"The Golden Deed," by Andrew Garve, will be published as a Crime Club Choice by Collins in February. Price 10s. 6d.



Money-saving LIMPET foam strip is the quickest way to make a home snug and draught free. Use no tools—just cut a length, peel off the backing paper and press it on. Limpet has the exclusive Evo-stik adhesive back. Start Limpeting today! It has scores of handy uses for home or car.



Kay Brothers Ltd., Stockport.

simply
LIMPET

your doors
and windows!

Standard (thick)

2/11

Medium thick 2 6

In pastel shades to tone with paintwork. Packet of 16½ feet enough for a door or 2 casement windows.

From domestic stores everywhere

THE FOAM STRIP WITH THE INSTANT GRIP

She'd never heard
the cry of her baby



Eileen was a young mother who had never heard the cry of her own baby. For Eileen is DEAF. Too shy to wear a conventional hearing aid, hers was a world without sound. Then she read of the POLYFON CORONETTE designed especially for women and completely concealed when clipped in the hair. The CORONETTE has brought her the joy she thought she had lost for ever.

Men too can conceal their deafness with the POLYFON OPTIC-EAR—the first low-priced spectacle aid. For those who prefer a transistor pocket aid, there is the inexpensive POLYFON POPULAR and the miniature PHANTOM at 28 gns. By filling in the coupon below one of these wonderful POLYFON aids will be yours free for a week.

Post this coupon to POLYFON LTD., 9 NEW CAVENTISH STREET, LONDON, W.1. Telephone: WELbeck 1422 (Signatories to the N.I.D. Agreement)

I wish to try the ☐ CORONETTE ☐ OPTIC-EAR ☐ POPULAR ☐ PHANTOM for 7 days with no deposit and without any obligation. (Tick aid you want.)

Mr./Mrs./Miss.....

Address.....

JB1 For leaflet only, tick here ☐

Seeing's
believing!



JOHN NOBLE'S

Super Credit Service
Offers you GOODS ON APPROVAL
AT ONCE—NO DEPOSIT

Spare-time Agents who insist on the best are wanted for John Noble's Super-Service. Excellent opportunities. Exceptional Service. Plus Guaranteed Satisfaction of a name famous since 1869. HIGHEST COMMISSION • NO WAITING FOR TURNS • YOU DEDUCT POSTAGE, ETC., WEEKLY • LESS WORK—NO WORRY • EASIEST OF ALL SYSTEMS.

FREE New Autumn and Winter 476-Page Catalogue containing everything to wear and for the home—
Write Now!



POST THIS COUPON TODAY

To JOHN NOBLE LTD. (S 2160)
P.O. Box No. 174

Brook St. Mills, Manchester, 1

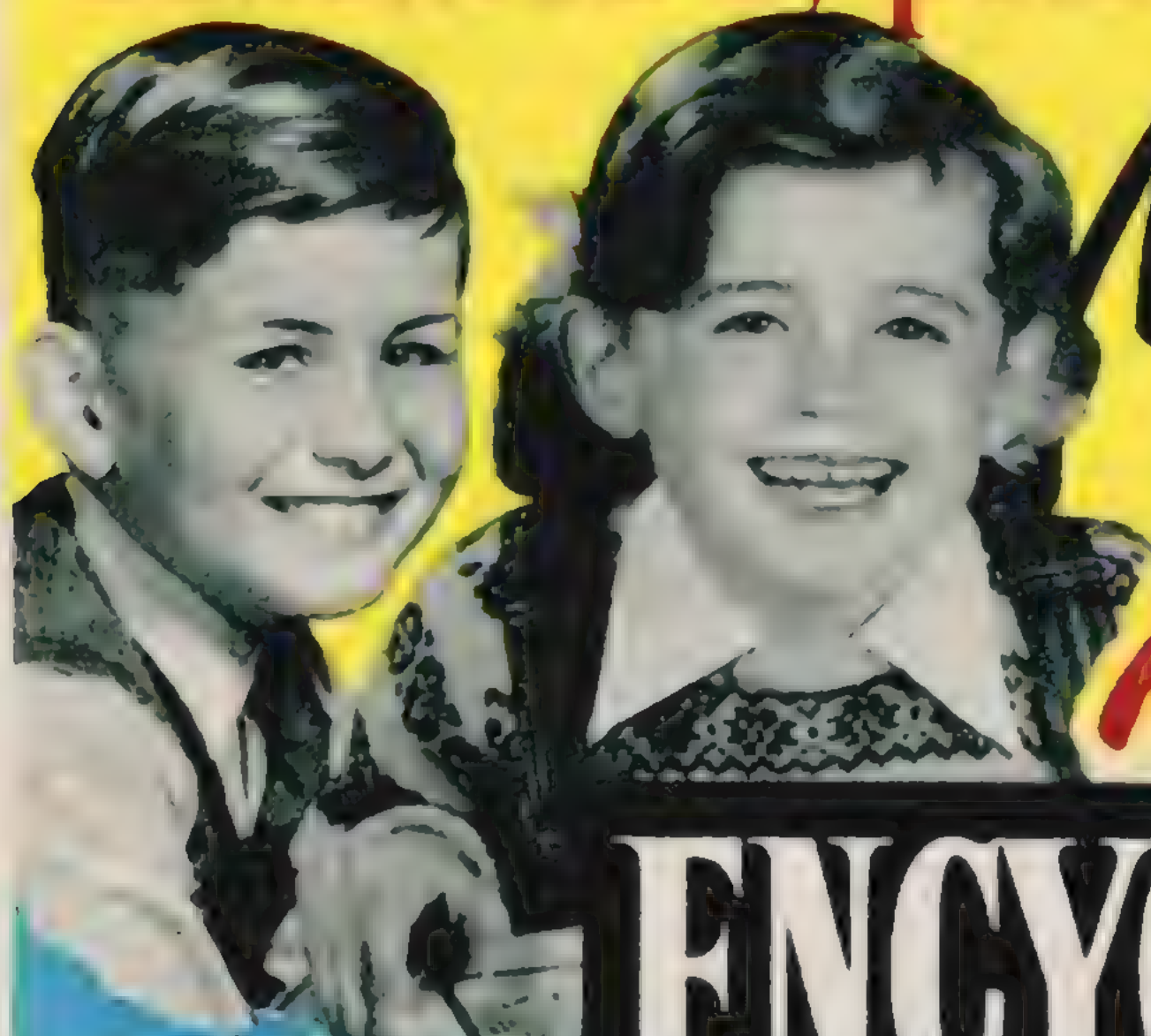
Please send me free Catalogue. I am over 21

NAME (Mr, Mrs, or Miss) (Block Letters)

ADDRESS

(Post in unsealed envelope. 2d. stamp)

Thousands upon thousands of children have benefited by possession of this magnificent book



NOW you can give
to a child
you love
ODHAMS
FULL-COLOUR

ENCYCLOPAEDIA FOR CHILDREN

**EVERY
PAGE IS A
VOYAGE OF
DISCOVERY!**

PARENTS!
Here's a really practical way to give your child that extra help—not only to school success but just as important, towards developing a lively, enquiring mind to give the poise and confidence that gets a boy or girl ahead. What better gift than this superb work in full colour, illuminating every facet of life in the simplest yet most entertaining way!

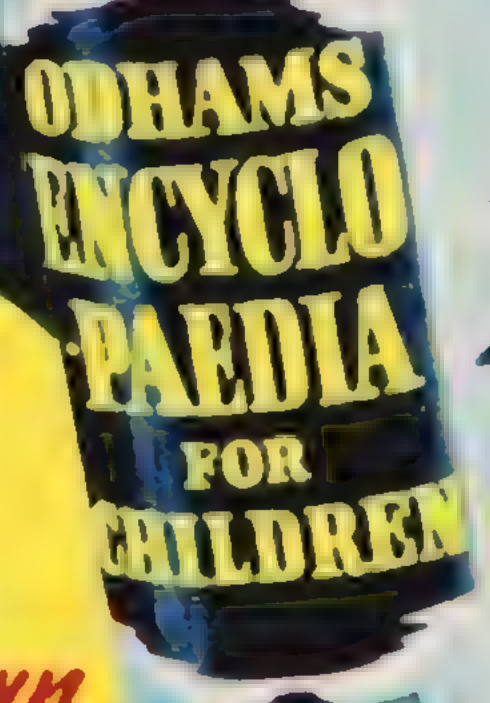
The Greatest Ever One-Volume Treasury of Knowledge

NOW READY—a wonderful up-to-date edition of the amazing new-style Children's Encyclopaedia from which boys and girls love to learn! MORE fascinating, MORE exciting, MORE instructive, MORE colourful than any other single-volume encyclopaedia. Designed to afford YOUR child many years of pleasure, instruction and invaluable help. Seventy brilliant artists and writers contribute. Of the greatest possible value to every boy and girl of scholarship age. Provides VITAL KNOWLEDGE covering the world and all its wonders. Comprehensive 9-page index for quick reference.

THE PERFECT GIFT. Packed into 384 BIG pages are hundreds of vital facts presented in enthralling story form—150,000 words—and brilliantly illustrated by more than 2,500 monochrome and FULL-COLOUR pictures. Makes learning interesting, pleasurable.

WORTH POUNDS! Prepared with the help of over 70 brilliant writers and artists, this superb volume is YOURS as a *John Bull* reader, for only 5/- down and 3 monthly payments of 7/6 each (total 27/6). Cash price 26/-. Prices include postage, packing, etc.

**YOURS
for only
5/-
down
and 3 small
monthly
payments**



BIG They'll love its lavish pages!
Over 2500 illustrations
1250 in glorious COLOUR
384 12" x 9" PAGES
As big as this advertisement

**DO THIS
AT ONCE**

Simply fill in form, indicating method of payment chosen, and post in 2d. stamped, unsealed envelope to Dept. J.10, Odhams Press Ltd., Basted, Sevenoaks, Kent. Offer applies in U.K. and Eire only, and closes Nov. 21.

Thinking of Christmas? This lovely book makes an ideal gift. Order NOW, in good time!

SEND NO MONEY NOW!

To: Dept. J.10, Odhams Press Ltd., Basted, Sevenoaks, Kent.
WITHOUT OBLIGATION reserve me "Odhams Encyclopaedia For Children" and send Invoice. I have indicated below the method of payment I wish to adopt.

Full Cash 26/- ☐ By Instalments 5/- Down and 3 Monthly Instalments of 7/6 (27/6) ☐
Tick which method of payment you prefer

USE BLOCK LETTERS
NAME.....

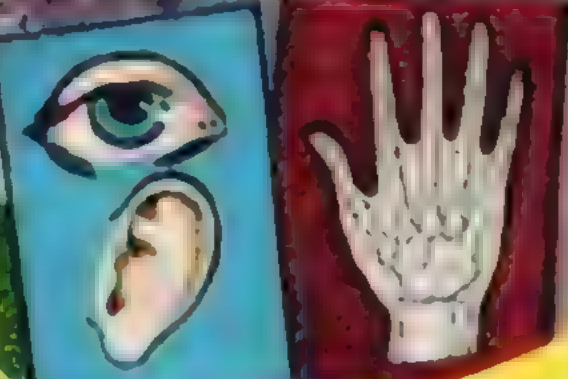
Full Postal ADDRESS.....

J.10. 7.11.59..... Firmly affix 2d. stamp in margin

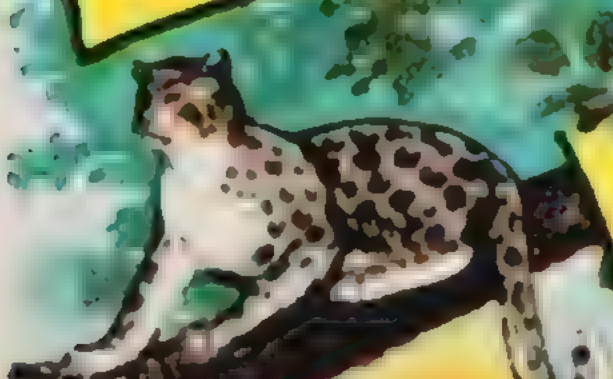
OUR WORLD
and its peoples
Races of Mankind; Continents; Countries; Natural Features.



MAN THE DISCOVERER
Exploring the Heavens, Earth and Sea; Uncovering the Past; Great Inventors, etc.



OUR MINDS and BODIES
Bones; Muscles; Nerves; the Senses; Growing-up, etc.



LIVING THINGS
around us
Evolution; Animal Behaviour; the Plant World, etc.

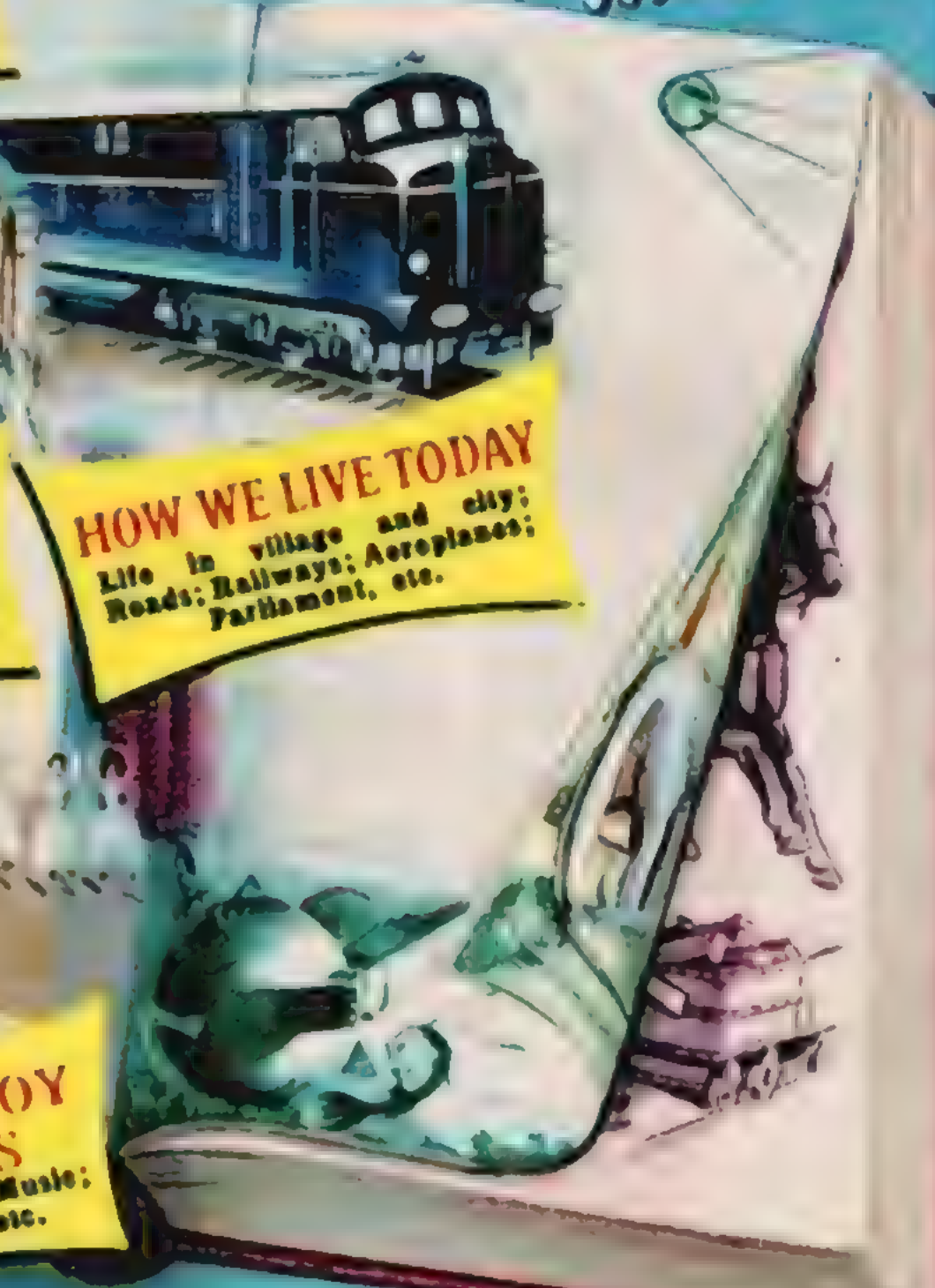


POWER and ENERGY
Light; Sound; Heat; Levers; Wheels; Water Power; Electricity; Atomic Energy, etc.

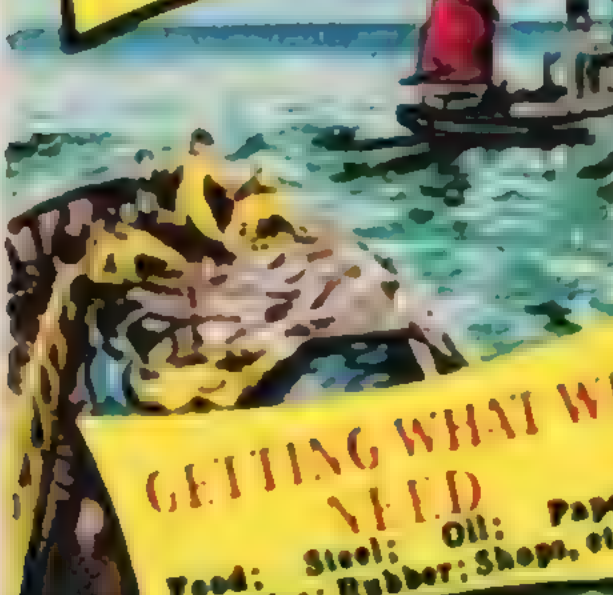


OUR STORY
through the ages
World History; Britain's Story; Customs.

Make no mistake—there's no other book like it!



HOW WE LIVE TODAY
Life in village and city; Roads; Railways; Aeroplanes; Parliament, etc.



GETTING WHAT WE NEED
Food; Steel; Oil; Paper; Plastics; Rubber; Shops, etc.



HOW WE ENJOY OURSELVES
Painting; Literature; Music; Sports; Pastimes, etc.

How Monty lived his days of glory

continued from page 19

this problem that he drew up a long draft appreciation of the moral purpose of his forces and sent Padre Hughes in his own plane to submit it to Archbishop Temple.

"We must all sing the same song and the right one," Monty said.

Archbishop Temple gave his approval (it was almost his last act before he died) and Montgomery was able to say with conviction, in his message to the troops before the Rhine crossing: "May 'The Lord mighty in battle' give us victory in this our latest undertaking."

The surrender of the German armies was signed at Monty's Tac Headquarters on Luneburg Heath. Broadcasting on the anniversary of D-Day in 1954, the Field Marshal claimed that he held the English original of surrender document, and brought a storm on his head for "knocking off," "swiping," official documents.

But has he really got the original?

Those at his headquarters on the day of surrender know that Sergeant Vigar and the few clerks there were coping magnificently, but there was a certain amount of confusion.

Major John North, author of the official history of the war in Europe, has said that he has made comparisons of reproductions of the Field Marshal's document and other versions. At least three were typed. "Lord Montgomery's was typed later," says the major. "The Field Marshal remarked in his broadcast that copies of the English draft were made and sent to Supreme H.Q. Unhappily it would appear that the original got mixed up with them and is now somewhere in America."

Monty altered it

On Monty's document there is the famous change of date: the clerks typed "5 May" and, in his own hand, on his own document, at the time of signing, Monty altered the "5" to "4."

But the document, of which a photostat copy was taken—one presumes that the Americans received at least photostats, if not the original of the photostat—still has the date, "5 May" unchanged.

It is not usual to let a mistake get by a second time. So it would not be unreasonable to think that this was the original version, the first to be signed, before anyone noticed that the date was wrong.

But where is this version? It is not the one the Field Marshal reproduces in his memoirs. . . .

It seemed to be Monty's fate to be

called upon to endure bitter personal loss in the very hour of victory. In the last weeks of the war just as the Promised Land was in sight, as Monty put it, two of the young men who had served him from the desert days were killed.

During the war Montgomery had twenty-two A.D.C.s in all; and six—nearly a quarter of them—did not survive.

Charles Sweeney, Ulster Rifles, had been Monty's A.D.C. on the beaches at Dunkirk.

Sweeney will always be remembered among the members of Montgomery's "family" as the one man they knew who dared to answer "Master" back.

It had been on the evening of May 31, 1940, when Sweeney and Monty were among the sand dunes, six miles from Dunkirk. A shell splinter gave Sweeney an ugly but superficial wound

in the head. Monty rounded on him and gave him a severe rocket for not wearing his steel helmet. Dabbing at his wound with a field dressing, Sweeney waited quietly until Monty had finished; then he said: "Sir, for your own sake, may I point out that you, too, are not wearing yours?"

Sweeney, says Montgomery, "was with me for much of the war and was killed right at the end. He was a delightful Irish boy. I loved him dearly."

John Poston was killed on April 21, 1945, shot by S.S. men in the confusion of the very last days of the war.

Montgomery has said and written very little about the small group of young men who were his closest companions throughout the war. Living with him, eating with him, laughing with him, they saw the real Monty. Unfortunately, Monty himself has rarely chosen, or been able, to reveal to the

world, this warmer, almost paternal, side of his character.

In his tribute to John Poston, written for *The Times*, there is a glimpse of it; a brief revelation of the Monty only his A.D.C.s knew.

"There can be few young officers," Monty wrote after John Poston's death, "who have seen this war from the inside as did John Poston. He knew everything that was going on and he was in possession of much information that is secret and must remain secret. . . ."

"We trod the path together from Alamein to the Elbe. I gave him my complete trust and he would come to me with his own problems. He had been through the war from the beginning and he saw the end approaching. The Promised Land was not so far away and he gave his life that others might enjoy it. I was completely devoted to him and I feel very sad."

Cause is greater

A soldier who is going to win battles must always believe that the cause is greater and more important than any individual, including himself. Montgomery believed that.

"People to Monty," says Padre Hughes, who understands him as well as anyone, "are not ends in themselves but means to an end."

For Monty there was only one end—winning the war. Because of his single-mindedness he sometimes seemed to treat people rudely, even harshly.

On a busy flying-visit to Canada his hosts went to considerable trouble to make sure that he met his brother Donald, a Vancouver lawyer. But Monty had him kept away by secretaries; when brother Donald turned up at the airport Monty just shook hands with him, as he did with the lined up airport officials, and climbed briskly into his plane.

The job was more important than family feeling; it was always a surprise to Monty to find out that many people thought otherwise. It surprised him, too, when people went on to say that, because he had put the job—the war—first, he had no family feeling.

"No one will understand the Field Marshal," says Padre Hughes, "who separates his actions from the task assigned to him. He was a dedicated man; he lived to win battles. Generals, like surgeons, cut without emotion; if they cannot, they are useless for the job. But the self, under the iron control, may be a very gentle and a very sympathetic self."

Montgomery's iron control kept the real Monty well out of sight except for those few who were privileged to serve under him and fight by his side.

THE END

Poet in the Garden

*This is the month for planting shrubs and roses.
Frost all too soon comes, nipping hands and noses,
So dig your ground now, two spits deep, and break
All clods, and work in bonemeal, compost, take
Great care that all manure is old or rotted,
Else it will burn fresh roots. See ground allotted
For your new shrubs is dug when they arrive.
Plant in dry, frostless weather, and they'll thrive.
Do give each bush good living space, the roots
Need room to spread. Cut off all weakly shoots,
And take off shrivelled, damaged parts, then shake
Loose soil between the roots with fork or rake.
Fill in the hole, tread firmly down, make sure
Your newly-planted rose is quite secure.
If the wind rocks them, roses will not thrive.
Firm treading, steady staking, then they'll live!*

MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH

How to unblock our towns

continued from page 10

use public transport. If all these million decided to come by car, they would overwhelm any possible system of roads and car parks.

The L.C.C.'s policy is to discourage people from using their cars in central London. Richard Edmonds, chairman of the Town Planning Committee, explains that the ultimate aim is to provide a network of parking meters, for short-term parking, multi-storey garages for long-term parking and, as these are brought into use, a rigorous police drive to keep the streets clear.

A day's parking in one of the multi-storey garages will cost around seven shillings. "We want to encourage the motorist to use public transport sometimes," says Edmonds. "Parking costs should be high enough to discourage him from coming up by car each day but low enough to make it possible for him to drive up occasionally."

"Excellent as the idea is, no multi-storey garages have yet been provided and only two London boroughs have installed parking meters.

In provincial cities, the problem is different. The number of people who work in the centre is comparatively

small. Granville Berry, city engineer of Coventry, believes that five thousand parking spaces will be sufficient for the central area. He plans to provide them in five multi-storey car-parks and on the roof tops of specially-strengthened commercial buildings.

The roof of the new retail market will already take two hundred cars, and later, bridges will link it with the roofs of neighbouring buildings. "You'll be able to drive half-way round the city centre at rooftop level," says Berry.

Unlike London, Coventry wants to attract motorists to its city centre. Though parking fees have not been finally fixed, they will be low.

Most other cities take the same view as Coventry. But except for Birmingham—which has a parking site for two hundred cars under a section of its inner ring and plans to start the first of five multi-storey garages next year—none of them has made a convincing start on providing parking facilities.

Not only cars clog streets. Wandering pedestrians both cause and aggravate traffic jams. At Notting Hill, one of the main causes of delay was the 12,000 people who crossed the main

road each day between two lines on the Underground.

Modern traffic systems aim to keep pedestrians off the roads. At Notting Hill and elsewhere, London is providing subways. On Birmingham's inner ring road, a low wall will discourage pedestrians from crossing.

Where an authority is able to develop an area from scratch, it can go still farther. Coventry decided to include in its rebuilt centre seven acres of land from which all traffic would be banned. The first part consists of a tree-decorated courtyard round which shops are built on two levels.

Cars are banned

The Precinct, as it is called, has become so popular with shoppers and traders that Market Way, a road leading into it, is also being converted into a traffic-free area. The idea has also been adopted in Stevenage.

Other cities have thought about pedestrian precincts and some have plans for them. Again, starting dates are distant or non-existent. London's Barbican scheme will not begin until 1962, and the traffic-free plan for Birmingham's Bull Ring will not be put into effect for five years at least. Liverpool has no idea of its starting date.

Ultimately, however, the city traffic problem cannot be solved merely by

building roads, providing parking places and making special arrangements for pedestrians.

The number of vehicles on the road will double by the late 1960s and still keep on increasing.

To provide rapid access and parking places for all would mean the destruction of our cities as we know them. Their centres would become deserts of garages linked by a tangle of roads.

This has almost happened in Los Angeles, where two-thirds of the central business area is occupied by car-parks.

Perhaps the worst failure of the government and of the local authorities is the almost complete refusal to prepare the public for what must be the eventual solution—the rationing of road space in city centres.

"I believe," Sir William Holford told last year's conference of the Royal Institute of British Architects, "that one of the first things we can do to show the world how to live in a civilized way in towns is to make the kind of restriction which would be a reasonable form of rationing of the private motor-car in the centre of towns."

He was supported by John Brandon-Jones, former president of the Architectural Association. "Rationing of road space in towns has got to come," he said, "and we should be working hard for it and preparing ground for its acceptance."

THE END



Sentries

are your throat's

best friend!

deliciously protective
throat candies
by **Batger's**

Ask for them at Confectioners
and Tobacconists everywhere

Readers seeking advice from our team
of experts are invited to send their problems
to John Bull : Everybody's Weekly
Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn,
London, W.C.1. Letters will be
answered by post, and problems of
general interest will also be
published on this page

We advise . . .

CAN you help me to get in touch with the organization which
caters for groups of people who wish to build their own houses?
—Mrs. G. G., Sharston, Manchester, 22.

● The National Federation of Housing Societies, 12 Suffolk Street,
London, S.W.1, organizes local groups formed to build houses.

We understand that there is no group operating in the Manchester
area at present, previous groups having completed their building
programmes.

However, with the help of the association, a new one can be
formed at any time.

POLE PROTEST

TODAY the G.P.O. erected a pole
about one inch from my wall. It
will be impossible for me to do any
repairs to this part of the wall as a
result. Has the post office any right
to do this?—A. E. S., Colchester, Essex.

● The Postmaster-General has statu-
tory power to erect poles in any position
on pavements. The local council will
doubtless have approved the position.

You could enter a protest to the
Postal Telegraphs Engineering Depart-
ment, but if they refuse to move the
pole you will have no legal remedy.

STILL A CHILD

MY son entered Manchester Univers-
ity in October and has been given
a grant of £216. In addition to this,
we have to contribute a further £49 a
year towards his education and keep.
Can I claim a rebate from the income
tax people on this £49?—F. W., New-
castle.

● As your son will be receiving full-
time education at a recognized educa-
tional establishment you should
continue to receive the benefit of child
relief, at the rate of £150 a year.

THREE-YEAR HITCH

THREE years ago when we moved
into our present house a builder
installed a new cooker for us, with a
tiled surround. Now the tiles are
dropping off and cracking. The builder

has ignored our request for a satisfac-
tory replacement and we wonder if he
has a legal obligation.—Mrs. P. L. B.,
Sutton, Surrey.

● Normally a builder is liable if he does
not carry out the agreed contract in a
proper manner.

As, however, some years have passed
since your work was done, it seems
unlikely that you would succeed in a
claim against him for the defects in the
tile surround.

SMOKY VISION

WE live in a semi-detached house
and have a common chimney
stack with our next-door neighbours.
Our TV aerial is fixed entirely to our
side of the stack. Our neighbour has
just fixed an aerial to his side of the
chimney. Now we are suffering from
interference and a TV engineer tells us
that the other aerial is the cause. How
can we make our neighbour remove it,
or stop the interference?—Mrs. S. H.,
Mansfield, Notts.

● Provided your neighbour's aerial is
fixed wholly on his side of the common
chimney stack, he is within his rights
in keeping it there.

Your best approach would be one of
neighbourly compromise.

LICENCE TO CARRY

TO start my own business I wish to
buy a van and carry out deliveries
for several small shops and businesses

Worth Noting

**ROGER SMITHELLS keeps
practical homelovers up to date**

► **Begone dull corner:** Add interest to
a dull corner of a room by lighting it
with a table lamp fitted with a tinted
electric lamp. Peach, orange or red,
especially when used in conjunction
with shades of the same colour, shed a
warm and cheering glow.

► **New Swedish designs:** Three new
designs have been added to the range
of Swedish Perstorp decorative plastic
laminates—light oak, Swedish pine and

tracery. Light oak has a wood grain
which is very hard-wearing. The wood
grain of Swedish pine is light in colour
and very suitable for surfacing contem-
porary furniture. Tracery consists of a
very delicate line on a basic coloured
background and is available in six
shades. The price is standard in each
case and works out at 5s. 9d. per square
foot.

► **Die-cut floor tiles:** New motifs have
been added to the existing range of
die-cut Armstrong Accoflex and lino-
leum tiles. A teapot, a cup and saucer
and a tankard and cocktail glasses are
the new motifs. One or two of those
scattered at random on an otherwise
plain tiled floor adds richness and
interest to the effect. In Accoflex the
new die-cut tiles cost 5s. each and as
linoleum tiles they cost 3s. 6d. each.
These tiles can easily be laid by the

in my area. I understand that an "A" licence covers all goods. Would a "B" licence cover this sort of business?—A. F. M., Catford, London, S.E.6.

● If you wish to carry your own goods in your van in addition to the goods of local shopkeepers, and you propose to operate within a radius of twenty-five miles, the vehicle should be covered by a "B" carrier's licence.

To use the van solely for carrying for hire and be paid for this, an "A" licence is required.

Application for both types should be made to the Traffic Commissioners, Romney House, Marsham Street, London, S.W.1.

GETTING ON THE LAND

WISHING to buy a smallholding, I have found it impossible to obtain a mortgage, although I have tried building societies, my own insurance company, three banks and two solicitors. Is there any organization which advances loans for this type of purchase? And is there a particular agency which deals with agricultural land?—K. K., Ellesmere Port, Cheshire.

● If you have had some experience of farming or working a smallholding, the Land Settlement Association, 43 Cromwell Road, London, S.W.7, will consider you as a tenant for one of its smallholdings.

These are located in various parts of the country and a leaflet describing them will be forwarded to you on request. Loans are advanced by the association.

PIGGY-BACK PLANTS

FOR a good many years I have grown polyanthus from my own seed. The other day I was very much surprised to find that one of my plants, on which I had left the two old flower stalks, had grown a perfect plant on the end of each stalk. Each of these is almost as large as the parent. Can you give me an explanation of this?—S. C. H., Tonbridge, Kent.

● The seed capsule has retained some or all of the seeds and some of these have germinated, drawing nourishment from the capsule and flower stalk, instead of from the soil in the normal way.

If you plant these young plants out, they should grow quite satisfactorily, but are likely to differ in colour, etc., from the old plant, as seedlings normally do.

KNOTTY—AND VALUABLE

WE have a huge walnut tree in our garden and having heard that its wood is rather scarce wonder who would buy it from us.—Mrs. T. W., Thetford, Norfolk.

● Walnut trees of considerable age are valuable, but particularly so if they are gnarled and knotted. You should get in touch with a local timber merchant.

EIDERDOWN AFFAIR

AFTER sending my eiderdown to be cleaned I was informed, six months later, that it had been lost and was told by the cleaning firm that if I bought a

new one they would pay for it. I did this—but have now been informed that my old eiderdown has been found. The firm wants the new one given back to them. What should I do?—Mrs. R. A., Thornton Heath, Surrey.

● You cannot, of course, have your own eiderdown as well as the new one, but as yours was kept for six months, and may have been delivered to and used by someone else meanwhile, you would have no obligation to accept it.

If, however, it had merely been displaced at the works, it may be advisable for you to accept it and return the one which the firm provided.

NO ROUTE FOR A FIDDLE

WOULD duty be liable on cigarettes sent by post to England from Jersey if only two hundred were sent at a time and the seals on the packets were broken, to prevent resale in this country?—M. W. W., Walsall, Staffs.

● Duty is payable on cigarettes and tobacco when entering the United Kingdom by the postal service from the Channel Islands, whether or not the seals on the packets are broken.

WHEELS FOR TOYS

I OFTEN build toys for my children, but find it very difficult to obtain wooden wheels. Is there any place near Birmingham from which they are obtainable?—H. T. W., Moseley, Birmingham, 13.

● Wooden wheels for children's toys can be obtained from Hodgetts Brothers, Redhills Road, Hay Mills, Birmingham, 25.

A LIST OF SCHOOLS

HOW can I find out about boarding schools for boys? Is there some publication which gives details of these?—Mrs. D. T., Shipley, Yorks.

● Paton's list of schools, which classifies boarding schools, can be obtained from J. and J. Paton, 143 Cannon Street, London, E.C.4.

LEGALIZED CAT BURGLAR

MY neighbour has a cat which forces its way into my house in order to steal food. In doing this it has broken china and a vase. I asked my neighbour to restrain her cat, and now she has seen a solicitor who tells her it is my fault for leaving windows open. If this is true, must I suffer in an airless house?—Mrs. A. H. L., Richmond, Surrey.

● In law a cat is regarded as being unrestrainable as far as roaming is concerned, and if it enters your house to steal food your only remedy is to remove by reasonable means.

You should beware of injuring it, unless there is no other way by which you could protect your goods.

BANNED BY WILL

CAN someone be appointed executor of a will and at the same time benefit from the will?—H. D., Aberdare, Glam.

● It is quite legal for an executor of a will to be a beneficiary also. Witnesses cannot benefit, either directly or indirectly, from the will they witnessed.

home handyman. The manufacturers are Armstrong Cork Co., Ltd., Flooring Department, Bush House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2.

► Odds and ends tray: An old cake-tin screwed on to your work bench makes a useful container for small tools, nails, etc. If the tin is well screwed down there is no chance of it upsetting, and those small objects which tend to get lost on a bench will stay where you can find them.

► Match furnishings at home: Would you like to match your curtains, cushions, loose covers and counterpanes with your carpet? It is now possible to do just this with Cyril Lord products. An inquiry can be followed up by a personal call from an agent who will bring you samples of materials, specially manufactured to match existing carpets

by the same firm. Make your choice at your own convenience at home, send in your order, and the materials will be dispatched to you at home. Inquire from Cyril Lord Carpet Sales, Ltd., Queens Mill, Preston, Lancashire.

► An adaptable three-piece suite: Consisting of three armless chairs and a small table, which may be arranged in several different ways, has recently appeared in the shops. Covers are in moquette, and there are ten colours to choose from.

The hardwood frames are finished in a matt walnut finish and the table top is veneered in striped walnut. The seats and backs of the chair are cushioned with latex foam for comfort and the units slip into each other easily. The complete suite costs £35 and is made by Portwood Furniture, Vernon Mill, Stockport, Cheshire.

Money Saving BARGAIN SALE

HOME-PLAN



NEW SUPERBLY BUILT FURNITURE

Magnificent GLASS FRONTED BOOKCASE and CHINA CABINET

YOURS FOR ONLY 2'7 WEEKLY

HURRY for YOUR LIMITED STOCK

SENSATIONAL VALUE

The Mayfair CHEST of DRAWERS AND DRESSING TABLE

BRAND NEW

BOTH YOURS FOR ONLY 2'7 WEEKLY

FREE CARRIAGE & PACKING

Special SALE-PRICE Certificate

HOME-PLAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED, 6 PRINCES ST., LONDON, W.1.

Please send: BOOKCASE ☐ TWIN-SET ☐ (Tick box)

I enclose first payment of £74, and promise to remit further weekly payments as appropriate. (Send Full Cash Payment if you wish.)

I am over 21. (Signature).....

NAME.....

(CAPITALS)

ADDRESS.....

(J.B.3)..... (Not available in Ireland)

POST FORM NOW



By Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen, Suppliers of D.O.M. Sherry, Luis Gordon & Sons Ltd.

A crowning achievement...

Domecq's DOUBLE CENTURY

"Double Century" is the sherry of all sherries. Some are too dry; some too sweet. "Double Century" is a Sherry to suit all tastes, selected specially to celebrate the 200th birthday of the famous house of Pedro Domecq. Try a bottle or a glass today and see if you have ever tasted such a lovely wine.

Remembering the delicious 'CELEBRATION CREAM'... and the exquisite dry 'FINO LA INA'



this best of all Sherries



OLD PRIORY

...the Super Quality PORT of Fine Vintage Character

STOP THAT CHIMNEY SMOKING!

AND STOP DRAUGHTS TOO!

THE KILDRAFT

FIREPLACE AIR CONDITIONING VENTILATORS

Easily fitted, they stop draughts by supplying the chimney with the air it needs to take away smoke and fumes when doors and windows are closed. They REDUCE FUEL COSTS and avert dry rot by increased underfloor ventilation.

Ask about STYEDRAFT too, for KITCHEN BOILER CONTROL and real FUEL ECONOMY.



4 1/2 in. max. dia. 1 1/2 in. high. Steel finished dull Metallic Fawn.

Ironmongers and Builders Merchants

37/6 pair, or Post Free direct.

In case of difficulty information from

HALL SMITH LTD.,

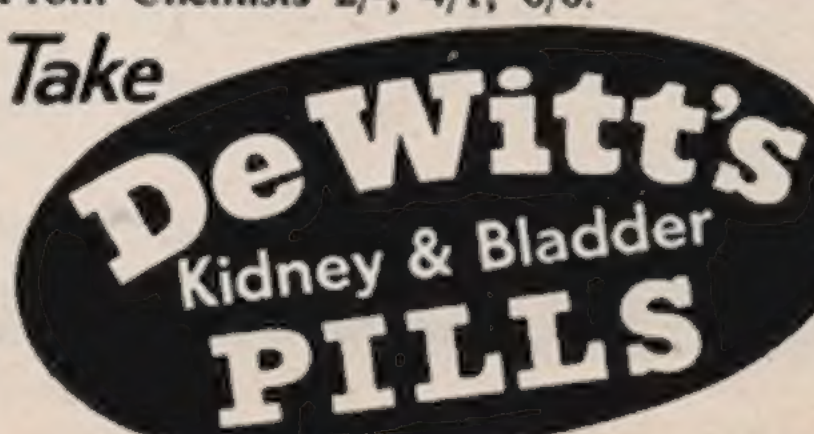
49 Western Works, Didsford Avenue, Farnvale, Greenford, Middlesex. Perivale 3233.

Specialists in Domestic Ventilation. Est. 1948

FITTER THAN YOU'VE FELT IN YEARS

Most people first take De Witt's Kidney & Bladder Pills to remove the cause of back-ache, rheumatic twinges, minor bladder disorders. The diuretic medicine in De Witt's Pills does this by stimulating kidney action to rid your system of harmful impurities. Then, as your aches and pains go, you find that De Witt's Pills give you a wonderful feeling of fitness and well-being. From Chemists 2/-, 4/1, 6/6.

Take



DeWitt's Kidney & Bladder PILLS



26

WHAT
WE WANT
IS / *more* WATNEYS

More Watneys Brown Ale!

The perfect escape from a burning thirst . . . Watneys Brown.
It's the dark, handsome brew with the superb, velvet-smooth taste.
Two very good reasons why it's the most popular brown ale
in the country. Want to become the most popular man in the
country? Then order a round tonight!

AND TRY

WATNEYS PALE ALE: bright, clear, very refreshing . . .

WATNEYS HAMMERTON STOUT: brewed with oatmeal and glucose for zest . . .

WATNEYS DAIRYMAID STOUT: sweet, satisfying and inexpensive.

